

The Sketch

No. 763.—Vol. LIX.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1907.

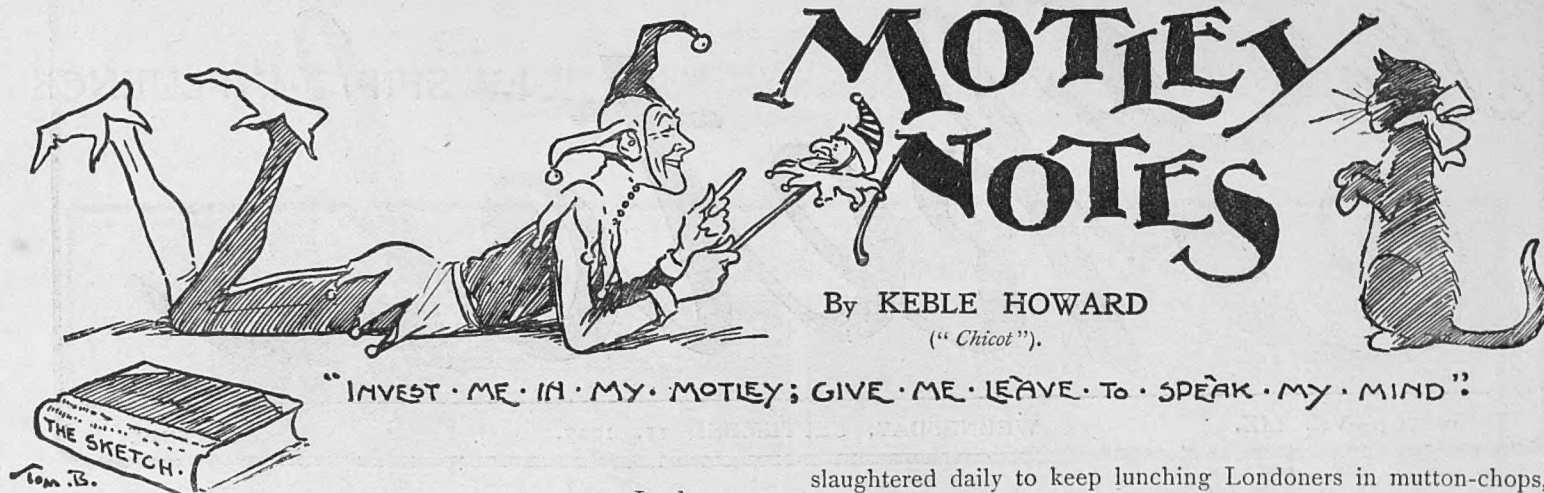
SIXPENCE.



THE WEDDING OF MISS KITTY MASON: THE POPULAR GAIETY DANCER AND HER HUSBAND,
MR. ALGERNON EDWARD ASPINALL.

Miss Kitty Mason, the popular Gaiety dancer, was married to Mr. Algernon Edward Aspinall, Secretary of the West India Committee, last week, and is now in Lucerne on her honeymoon. Mr. Aspinall, who is a barrister, was born in 1871, was educated at Eton and at Magdalen College, Oxford, and was appointed to his present position in 1898. He is a member of the Carlton, Union, West Indian, and Garrick Clubs.

Photographs of Miss Mason by the Dover Street Studios; photograph of Mr. Aspinall by Elliott and Fry.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

The Dreamer in Journalism.

There is a charming suggestion, made by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in the current number of the *Illustrated London News*. Mr. Chesterton, complains of the hurry of modern journalism. He thinks it would be a sign of regeneration if a daily paper came out once a week. Just at first, no doubt, the readers would be surprised. They might even chafe, and say rude things to the spectacled tobacconist through whom the paper comes to them. After a while, though, they would realise that the delay was due to increased care and loving labour on the part of the staff. "We mustn't be impatient," they would tell themselves. "The City Editor is making quite, quite sure that his 'street prices' are correct. When we finally get them, they won't be of the least use, of course, but it will be nice to know that they are correct according to date. The cricket editor is doing the same by the latest scores at the Oval. If one knew this morning how the game stood, one might spend the afternoon at the Oval and witness an exciting finish. Never mind! Ten years hence one will be able to turn over the files of the paper in the glad assurance that the cricket scores are historically accurate." By the way, it is one of the petty trials of Mr. Chesterton's life, I believe, that some of the readers of the *I. L. N.* will address him as the Editor. This little mistake should now cease

"London at Lunch."

It has been estimated by the editor of a popular magazine, I see, that the sixpences paid for his magazine since its first number would, if placed in a row, reach from Land's End to John o' Groats. This astonishing and exceedingly interesting statement reminds me of an article I once wrote, entitled "London at Lunch." I was very poor and very hungry at the time, and I suppose it was my starved appearance that gave the editor of the paper the idea for the article. Anyway, he instructed me to write him an article about "London at Lunch," and bring the figures home to the reader by the use of "illustrations." Thinking the matter over nowadays, I see that he may have expected me to interview the managers of the leading restaurants, get certain figures, and base my calculations on them. But I was far too hungry to interview managers of restaurants. I went straight back to my garret and wrote the article. The "illustrations," naturally enough, were the feature of the thing. I said, I remember, that the number of penny rolls consumed on any ordinary day at lunch-time in London would, if heaped together, fill the Lyceum Theatre from floor to ceiling six times. I knew that nobody could deny it, and I was in desperate need of my guinea.

A Really Splendid Lie.

My appetite for sensational statements thus whetted—the appetite for penny rolls was already as sharp as a razor—I went on to deal with mutton-chops. I said that my readers had not the vaguest conception of the number of mutton-chops consumed in London during the luncheon-hour. (I did not think it necessary to state that I was in the same predicament myself.) The number of sheep required to supply the chops, I would have them to know, was so enormous that, if all these sheep happened to bleat together, they would drown the noise of the traffic, not only of London, but also of New York, Boston, Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Rome, and Venice. (I put Venice in so that some ass might write to the Editor and point out that Venice was the Silent City.) You may suppose that this was enough about mutton-chops. But it wasn't. I had to fill two columns or do without the guinea. Result: More lies about the sheep. I said that, in order to bring home to the mind of the reader the really preposterous number of sheep

slaughtered daily to keep lunching Londoners in mutton-chops, I would give them another illustration, based on actual figures and calculations by eminent statisticians. If the Mediterranean were filled with fresh water, these sheep would lap up that water in ten minutes and look round for more.

What the Editor Said.

Presently I turned my attention to drinkables. I said that if I told them in gallons the quantity of beer consumed daily in London during the luncheon-hour, they would refuse, perhaps, to believe me. I would content myself, therefore, with a further illustration. There was so much beer consumed between the hours of one and two on any single day that, if the side streets could be stopped up, this beer would convert the Strand, Fleet Street, and Ludgate Hill into a beery lake not less than forty feet in depth, "with," I added, brilliantly, "the steps of St. Paul's to dive from." . . . The article was finished in less than two hours. Flushed, despite my starving condition, and triumphant, I hurried back to the office.

"There you are!" I cried.

"You've been mighty quick," said the Editor, and he began to read.

Have you ever, whilst very poor and very hungry, watched an editor reading one of your articles? It is not in the least amusing.

This one began to laugh. By the time he had finished reading, he was almost purple with laughter.

"All right?" I asked indifferently.

"It's screamingly funny," he said, "but, of course, it won't do."

Stirring Times.

When I recovered consciousness I was lying upon my back on the floor of the office, with my coat, waistcoat, collar, and tie undone. The editor, that arch-cynic, had gone out to lunch. There was no sub-editor. The office-boy, the only other member of the staff, was trying, languidly, to restore me to consciousness by pressing with his foot upon my waistband. Directly I opened my eyes he said: "Yer stud's broke. You can 'ave mine for a 'ap'n'y." I thanked him, but thought I could make a decent job of the business by pulling my tie a little tighter than usual. The desire for food, luckily enough, had left me. . . . At three o'clock the editor returned, full of drink and enterprise. "Look here," he said, "I've been thinking over that article of yours, and we might print it as a burlesque of the usual thing of that type." I assured him that he was at liberty to print it as a hymn if he liked, and tried to draw half-a-sovereign on account. The attempt failed miserably, so I concocted a short "personal par." about a friend of my father's who happened to be in the public eye for the moment, sold it to an evening paper, and took two shillings across the counter. "London at Lunch" duly appeared, but I was never paid for it. The editor went bankrupt and the paper died. Thank goodness, I helped to kill it.

Autobiographies—a Suggestion.

I find that I have been led, quite by chance, to write a brief chapter of autobiography. What a fascination there is in passing, once again, through the little adventures of one's own career! And how odd it is that we have so few autobiographies. I suppose most men postpone and postpone the writing of their autobiographies until they have neither the inclination nor the energy to tackle the task. This is a pity, for a well-written autobiography must make delightful reading for contemporaries of the writer. There is a very simple way out of the difficulty. Let any man who has any life-story worth telling issue it in two volumes—the first volume when he is forty, recording his struggles, and the second volume when he is sixty-five or seventy, recording his experiences in smooth waters.

SKETCHES BY SPOOKS: DRAWINGS DONE UNDER SPIRIT-INFLUENCE.



1. "SYMBOLICAL OF LIFE BUILT UP TO THE FIRST STAGE OF CAPABILITY OF RECEIVING SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE. THE FIGURES ROUND THE MAIN FIGURE SHOW THAT FIGURE'S ANCESTORS; THE FIGURE OVER THE HEAD REPRESENTS SPIRITUALITY."

3. "THE LARGE HEAD REPRESENTS THE MOVING SPIRIT OF LIFE ON THE SPIRITUAL SIDE. THE FIGURE OF CHRIST ACROSS THE MOUTH DENOTES TRUTH. LOWER DOWN IN THE PICTURE ARE THE PEOPLES OF THE EARTH, CLASSIFIED ACCORDING TO THEIR RELIGION."

2. "REPRESENTS THE FACULTIES OF THE BRAIN AS HAVING BEEN BUILT UP BY THE INFLUENCE OF ANCESTORS. SENSUALITY, STILL BEING PREDOMINANT, IS REPRESENTED BY THE LARGE NUDE FIGURE THAT IS SUPPORTED BY THE RAM."

4. "THE SPIRIT OF LIFE ON THE LOWER, OR HUMAN, SIDE, SHOWING FIGURES IN THE SENSUAL OR NON-SPIRITUAL STATE. THE YOUTH REPRESENTS THE WORLD STRUGGLING WITH IGNORANCE, IN THE SHAPE OF A SERPENT."

These reproductions of drawings made under the influence of spirits are particularly interesting at the moment, when the case of Frau Assmann is being considered in Halle. Frau Assmann, a peasant woman who has never had a lesson in drawing, has produced a remarkable series of pastels while in a sort of hypnotic trance and blindfolded. The pictures illustrated were done through the medium of the late John Copley, of London, in the same manner as those shown in our issue of June 5th; that is—at any moment, some power the artist was unable to control compelled him to take up pencil or brush and guided his hand until the work was finished.

The third of our pictures took three years to produce.—[Reproductions by courtesy of Mr. C. Moore.]

HALL CAINE'S IDEAL HOME FOR FALLEN WOMEN.



John Storm (Mr. Matheson Lang).

THE HOME OF REFUGE IN "THE CHRISTIAN": JOHN STORM RECEIVING THE WOMEN OF THE UNDER WORLD.

The scene illustrated is causing considerable controversy, both amongst those who have been to see the new version of "The Christian" and those who have not. Mr. Hall Caine believes in the regeneration of the women of the under world by means of a Home of Refuge similar to that shown on the stage at the Lyceum. He has offered, indeed, to give such profits as may result from this version of his play for the purposes of founding such a home. His idea of a fitting Home of Refuge is expressed through the mouth of one of the characters in the play, "I should ask the rich men for their millions, that I might build or buy or lease or rent the largest and finest mansion that would do for a Home of Refuge. I should place it in the middle of West London, in the centre of gravity of the kingdom I wish to reform, and face to face with the soul-markets I expect to destroy. If these places are gorgeous, my home should be golden. If they blaze with electric light and draw moths to their flare by music and singing and dancing, so should mine. There should be only one difference between these houses and my house—they should be the devil's and mine should be God's."

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau

THE ONLY FAIR COMPETITOR IN THE THROUGH-LONDON SWIM.



MISS LILIAN SMITH, WHO SWAM FROM RICHMOND TO BLACKFRIARS, ON SATURDAY LAST,
IN 4 HOURS, 16 MINUTES, 39 SECONDS.

The great swim between Richmond and Blackfriars was won by Jarvis in 3 hours 24 minutes 6½ seconds. Ooms, of Holland, was second in 3 hours 37 minutes 49 3-5 seconds; Maas, of Belgium, third, in 3 hours 39 minutes 47 seconds. The greatest interest was, of course, centred in Jarvis; but Miss Lilian Smith, the only representative of the fair sex in the race, ran him very close in the popular estimation. To the disappointment, but scarcely to the surprise of many, Miss Smith was not in the first string, but her performance was exceedingly creditable: she finished fourteenth, with twenty of her male rivals behind her. She is eighteen, is captain of the Tottenham Swimming Club, and swam 4½ hours with Wolfe during his recent 'Cross-Channel' attempt. It will be remembered that a page portrait of Jarvis appeared in our issue of August 21st last.

Photograph by the Topical Press; setting by "The Sketch."

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its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.
Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be
fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to
three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature,
and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and
jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are
requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published,
(b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright.
With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published
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The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of
each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—
are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider
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to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to
the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their
senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage,
destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs
sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be
accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the
Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of
payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.
PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Fifty-eight (from April 17 to
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same risk.

September 11, 1907.

Signature.....

THE DOG DÉJEUNER: WILL IT LEAD TO THIS?



A SCENE IN A FUTURE DRURY LANE DRAMA? THE CANINE SMART SET IN THEIR OWN PARK.

The dog déjeuner that we are to see on the stage to-morrow in "The Sins of Society" suggests many possibilities. We do not know yet whether the pets brought on to the stage are to be dressed or no. If not, this may be remedied in next year's autumn drama. For the benefit of Drury Lane dramatists in general, and Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton in particular, we here show various styles of attire for the dog of the smart set. We go further by placing the dogs in a park of their own. Such extremes are now indulged in by the owners of pets that it is scarcely too much to believe that such a scene as that shown will one day come to pass, even if it be only behind the footlights.—[Photographs by Ed. Frankl.]



THE CLUBMAN

A POSSIBLE MEETING BETWEEN KING EDWARD AND THE TSAR—THE COMING LONG GREEN CLOAK—FASHIONS SET BY THE KING—CÆSAR, THE KING'S TERRIER—THE DRESS OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

AT Carlsbad just now we are not very far from the big wheels which move the machinery of the world, and we hear those little scraps of gossip that are the straws which show the way the wind is likely to blow. Prince Ourusoff, the fat, good-natured Russian who comes every year to Carlsbad—and, I believe, very rarely, if ever, goes to Russia, for whenever I go to the Riviera in the winter I see him there—lunched one day with our King, and afterwards said in conversation that his Majesty hoped soon to meet the Tsar. King Edward is always averse from any theatrical displays, and no doubt the meeting, if it takes place, will be at one of those quiet family gatherings which generally are arranged in Denmark; but if his Majesty wished for an escort such as one of his nephews delights in, what a magnificent armada he could have round him this autumn when Lord Charles Beresford is to have the command of the Home, the Channel, and the Atlantic Fleets in the North Sea! No other King or Emperor could go visiting with half so formidable an escort as this would be, and though it is foreign to King Edward's temperament to make any such display, I believe it would be good for the country if he did so.

I think that next year all the very smartest gentlemen in London will wear on hot, rainy evenings a long, very light, dark-green cloak, with horn or leather buttons. It is kept on by two cloth straps which go over the shoulders. I bought one when I first went to Carlsbad in 1892, and have worn it for theatre-going on summer nights ever since, for it is lighter than any body-coat. It has no shape to spoil, and so can be pushed under a seat without ceremony. It is quite waterproof, and the material is made at one of the Bohemian towns. The remarks with which my cloak has been greeted have not been always altogether complimentary. I have been likened, when wearing it, to an Italian brigand and to an operatic tenor; but now that King Edward wears one of these cloaks, purchased at Marienbad, I shall after many years find myself in the fashion.

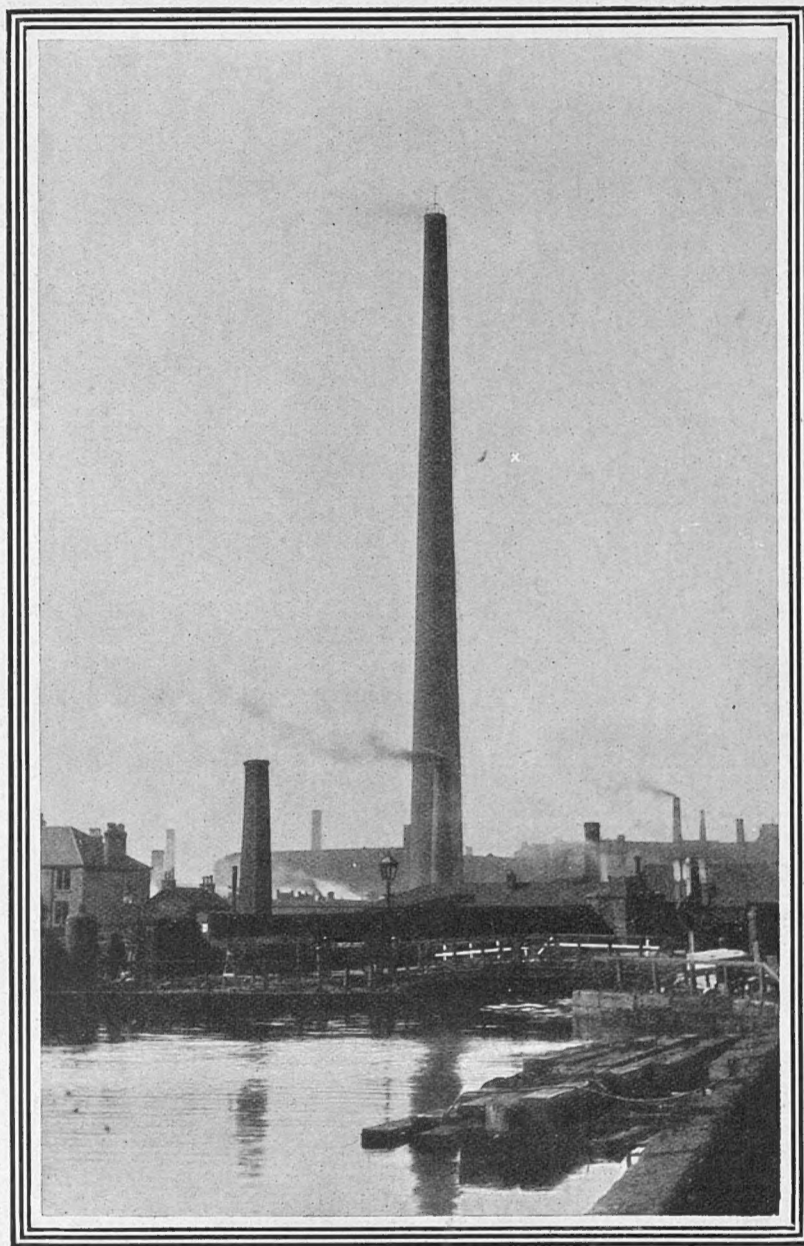
It is curious how quickly any fashion set by the King spreads. It is only two, or at the most three, years since his Majesty bought one of the green Austrian shooting-hats with the bow and a little feather behind, at the little shop in the Kreuzbrunn Arcade. Now there are very few country houses in England which have not one or two of these green hats hanging up in the hall, and the little

hat-maker in the Arcade, who must be doing a roaring trade, proclaims himself in gold letters on his window-glass to be hatter to his Majesty King Edward VII. The Homburg hat, which was really a much happier find of his Majesty's than the green, rather fluffy Austrian head-covering, has become the accepted hat of the Briton travelling abroad, and is the most sensible of all the hats we wear. I hope, for the sake of all my fellow-clubmen, that the long green cloak may very quickly and generally come into fashion.

The most interesting invalid at any of the Bohemian spas this year is Cæsar, our King's little white terrier, who goes everywhere with his master. He is suffering from a tumor in the neck, and is heavily bandaged. More inquiries are daily made after his health than after that of anyone else in Marienbad. Cæsar is a particularly good-tempered and nice-mannered dog, and never quarrels; therefore, there is no temptation for any dogs of less high station to attack him. One can hardly imagine a King's dog as a participant in a dog-fight; and, if attacked, the crime would surely be a sort of canine *lèse-majesté*.

The process of wiping the picturesqueness out of national dress goes on continuously. The Polish Jews who come to Carlsbad used to be a very picturesque, if not a very clean, race. They wore, as some few still wear, two long curls, one on either side of their face; a round soft cap, like the one which Noah has in the children's toy Noah's Arks, and a long gaberdine of cloth or silk. Their women-folk sometimes wore silk garments of violent colours, and the elderly ladies twisted their plaits of grey hair round a little black cap on the top of their heads. The curls and the gaberdines and the blue and pink silks are fast disappearing, and I am glad to say that what a Frenchman once described to me as the *bouquet Juif* is also less rarely met with. It is astonishing how alike all European nations

now are in their clothes, which are all supposed to be on the British model. One has to look at a man's hat, his tie, and his boots to determine his nationality. It is very difficult for any foreigner to make a plain straw hat; he cannot resist the temptation to put in a line of fancy work, or a nice little row of ventilating holes. A Frenchman likes his boots more showy than an Englishman does, and thinks that crocodile-skin goes very nicely with brown leather. An Austrian, perfectly dressed in most respects, has long, thin boots, which look like canoes.

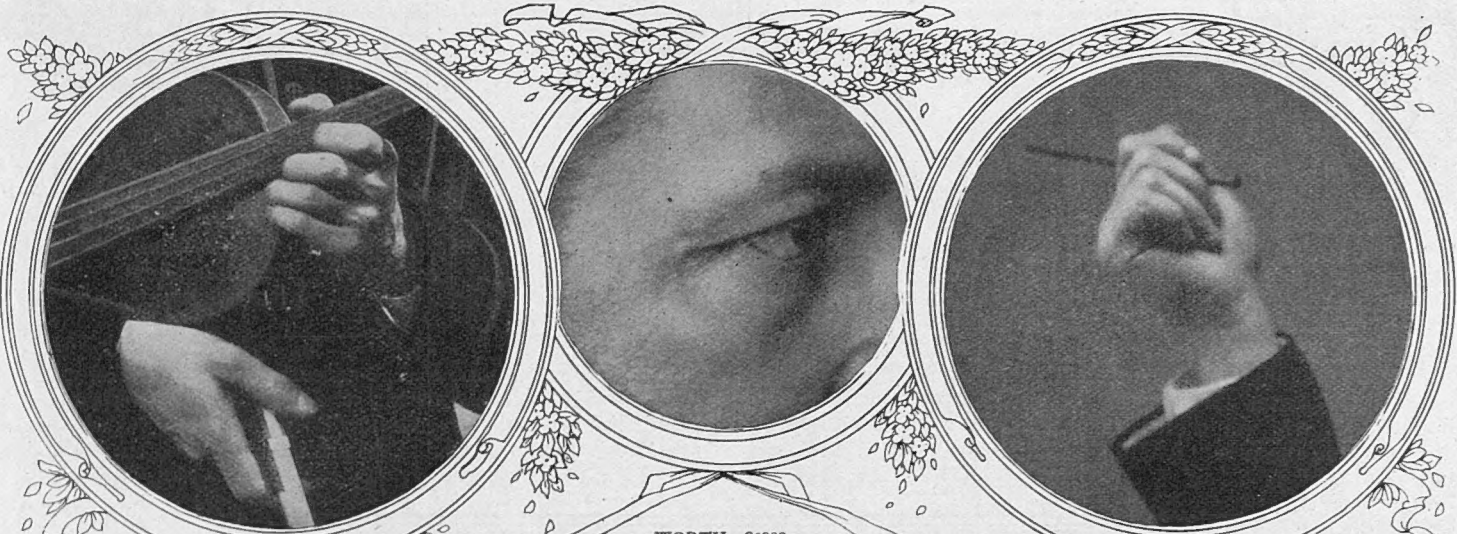


A STEEPLE-JACK (X) FALLING FROM THE HIGHEST CHIMNEY IN THE WORLD: A REMARKABLE SNAPSHOT OF THE DISASTER.

The photograph reproduced above is surely one of the most remarkable snapshots of a disaster ever taken. Nothing but an extraordinary chance could have made it possible for a photographer to be on the scene at the precise moment of the accident, and to have his camera in readiness. The photographer, it may be mentioned, guarantees that the photograph is genuine. The accident occurred at Glasgow. The chimney, which is the tallest in the world, is that of Messrs. Townsend, is 483 feet high, and is 13 feet in diameter. The other day an experienced steeple-jack made the twenty-minutes climb up the stack to execute repairs, but lost his hold, and was dashed to the ground below. The reason of the fall is unexplained, as the man was most experienced. He is here shown in mid-air, on the right-hand side of the steeple, rather more than half way to the top, and is marked (X).—[Photograph supplied by Park.]

£30,000 FEET AND £10,000 HANDS:

PARTS OF THE BODY INSURED FOR LARGE SUMS.



INSURED FOR £10,000:
KUBELIK'S HANDS.

WORTH £6000:
CAROLUS DURAN'S EYLS.

INSURED FOR £9000:
PADEREWSKI'S HAND.



HERR KUBELIK.

M. CAROLUS DURAN.

M. PADEREWSKI.

PROMINENT amongst the curiosities of insurance are those policies issued to great artists who pay premiums to insure against accident to their hands, feet, throat, or eyes, as the case may be. Kubelik's right hand is insured for £10,000, and for this he pays a premium of £300 a year. This guarantees that if an accident to his hand prevents him fulfilling an engagement he will receive £2000, and that if he loses his hand he will receive £10,000. Paderewski's hand is insured for rather less, that is to say, for £9000, while M. Carolus Duran, the famous painter, sets the value of his eyes at £6000. La Belle Otero insures her feet for £30,000, reckoning each toe at a value of £3000. Mme. Lina Cavallieri insures her throat for £10,000. It need hardly be said that many other artists pay premiums for similar insurances, and it will be remembered that we gave further instances in "The Sketch" some time ago.



MME. LINA CAVALIERI,
WHOSE THROAT IS WORTH £10,000.

LA BELLE OTERO,
WHOSE FEET ARE WORTH £30,000.

That the artists are wise is obvious. Not so very long ago, a well-known dancer sprained her foot during a performance of "La Ronde des Saisons," and could dance no longer. As a result, many of those in the stalls left their seats and rushed to the stage door to see what was the matter. As a French paper has it: "This anxiety was quite comprehensible. Mme. Zambelli had to take a three months' leave, be careful when she walked, and had to have her ankle bandaged and massaged, and take great care of her little feet, which were her fortune as well as her art and her whole life. Zambelli wounded, in spite of her bright eyes, her wit, the charm of her conversation, would no longer be the Zambelli whose appearance on the stage of the opera caused the miracle of awakening the old men in the stalls and stopping the chatter of the young women in the boxes."

FAMOUS ARTISTS PAY LARGE PREMIUMS TO INSURE THEIR HANDS, EYES, FEET, AND THROAT.

Photographs of La Belle Otero, Mme. Cavallieri, and M. Duran, by Boyer; photograph of M. Paderewski, by Otto.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

"THE CHRISTIAN"—"HER SON"—"ATTILA."

IT is fortunate for Mr. Hall Caine that he does not mind what the critics say. He would have had no reason for dissatisfaction in the conduct of the audience at the Lyceum on the first night of "The Christian." Their whole-hearted enthusiasm was a wonderful thing to see and hear. Serried masses of worthy human beings in pit, circle, and gallery cheered to the echo his valiant strokes in the cause of morality. The wicked did indeed have a miserable time. That after this there should be any wicked left upon the face of the earth is a matter for surprise. But I wonder whether in the height of his triumph there ever occurs to him the blighting thought that were the play "A Girl's Cross Roads" or "The Worst Woman in London" the enthusiasm of that same audience might be wilder still?

If Mr. Hall Caine were content to present his elementary melodrama as what it is, there would be no more to be said; when he, apparently in all seriousness, heralds it as a genuine contribution to the discussion of an important social subject, he invites plain speaking—and he gets it. The new element in "The Christian," as rewritten and brought up to date, is the prominence given to John Storm's scheme for the redemption of fallen women. Hence much exasperating platitude from Father Lamplugh and a scene in the "Home of Refuge" which is pathetic in its crude absurdity. These things, looked at as a means of entertaining a popular audience, would be difficult to defend; put forward as part of a great moral crusade, as the fruits of reflection and observation, they are simply ludicrous, and very trying to the patience. To the excellent players who do their best with impossible scenes—Mr. Matheson Lang, Mr. Frederick Ross, Miss Alice Crawford, and the rest—one can only offer profound sympathy and a hope for better luck next time.

"Her Son," at the New Theatre, is another instance of a play reconstructed, but the reconstruction is a genuine attempt to remedy defects which were pointed out when the piece was first presented at a matinée by Mr. Cyril Maude. The story of Dorothy Fairfax and Crystal Wride, and their struggle for the possession of the child of Crystal and Dick Gascoyne, may perhaps be remembered, and is contained in the novel by Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, from which he has made this play. The chief alteration lies in the substitution of a scene of ferocity between the two women in the third act in place of a good deal of maternal sentiment. There is, however, plenty of sentiment still left; and the new matter, though it shows that Mr. Vachell has an

eye for theatrical effect, does not make the play any the less artificial. There is, however, promise in it; it is unsubstantial and unsatisfactory, but there is character in Crystal Wride, who is played with vigour by Miss Suzanne Sheldon. Miss Winifred Emery again plays Dorothy in her most emotional mood, and Master Bobby Andrews enjoys a little triumph as the small boy.

Everyone will hope for the success of "Attila." It was a brave thing of Mr. Asche and his wife to begin their season with the production of a blank-verse play by a comparatively unknown writer; for Mr. Binyon's charming poetry has hardly received the insult of

popularity. His play is admirably written in verse always excellent and sometimes even brilliant, and he shows in his power of construction, sense of relevance, and command of language much promise as a dramatist. The play has been presented very ably. Indeed, the pictures produced from Mr. Ricketts' designs for scenery and costumes are among the most beautiful and original of our times. But "Attila"—why Attila, and the heroine Ildico, and Queen Kerka, and other people with hideous names? Of course, Macaulay's school-boy—and few other people—know all that has been discovered concerning the terrible Hun, and there is little in it to suggest that he offers a good subject to the dramatist, even assuming that a very free hand is used in playing with history. We had a tale of love, hate, ambition, and jealousy,

with some very vivid moments; but I cannot say that the characters were interesting, or really lived. He was a devil of a fellow, and talked immensely and hated gigantically, and loved like a bull; beneath all this he seemed a rather commonplace, ambitious savage. Mr. Asche made a striking figure of him—though some felt inclined to ask the famous old question, "Where did you get that hat?" He gave a very able performance, yet suffered a little from lack of chance for big outbursts. Much the same may be said of Miss Brayton, who looked superb, and gave out her rolling verse in quite the grand manner—I wonder whether the Burgundian princesses of the fifth century did wear décolleté dresses at all hours of the day, but am far from complaining. Miss Mary Rorke made a pathetic figure of Attila's first wife, the introduction of whom seems to me a mistake. Miss Irene Rooke acted with nicely restrained power as Ildico's attendant. Two Romans were represented very impressively by Messrs. H. R. Hignett and Ian Penny. Master Cyril Bruce made a hit by clever acting as Attila's son. Altogether, "Attila" is an interesting, meritorious work, and well deserves a visit.



Messalla (Mr. H. R. Hignett).

Attila (Mr. Oscar Asche).

"ATTILA," AT HIS MAJESTY'S: ATTILA RECEIVES A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE AND A RING FROM HONORIO, SISTER OF THE EMPEROR OF ROME, AND SEES HIMSELF RULER OF THE ETERNAL CITY

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios. (See pages 6, 7, and 8 of Supplement.)

THE UNKNOWN "KNOWN": A FAMOUS COMEDIAN IN MUFTI.



MR. GEORGE GRAVES — BUT WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT?

Mr. George Graves in make-up as an old man is known to everyone; Mr. George Graves in private life would probably pass unrecognised by most of those who know him by his stage appearance only. He affords, indeed, an excellent example of the change make-up can make in a man. He is now enjoying marked success as

Baron Popoff in "The Merry Widow."

Photograph by Hall.

SMALL TALK



A LEADER OF YOUNG AMERICA:
MISS CHOATE.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

fortunate in an exceptionally beautiful country home of her own. There, at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, Mrs. Choate and her daughter delight in entertaining those of their European acquaintances who extended to them during Mr. Choate's term of office in London an enthusiastic hospitality.

Lady Troubridge. Lady Troubridge bids fair to become one of the most popular novelists of our day, for she has the gift of writing good sensational stories concerning the adventures and doings of what Thackeray used to call the "hupper suckles," and, unlike most of those who follow in the steps of the great Mrs. Henry Wood, she writes of them with knowledge and discretion. Née Miss Laura Gurney, Lady Troubridge, who is a vivacious, witty woman, is the only sister of young Lady Dudley, and while the latter was adopted by the late Duke of Bedford and the lady who is now Adeline Duchess of Bedford, the future Lady Troubridge spent much of her youth with Lady Henry Somerset. The marriage of Miss Laura Gurney to her cousin, Sir Thomas Troubridge, took place in the early 'nineties, and not long after Lady Troubridge published her first novel. Then, after a lapse of some years, she made her first essay in the type of fiction with which her name is now associated, and "The Woman Thou Gavest" was a brilliant success.

Mrs. Patrick de Bathe.

One of the most charming of West-Sussex hostesses is Mrs. Patrick de Bathe. Before her marriage to the second son of the famous old sporting Baronet who lived to such a goodly age, Mrs. de Bathe was Miss Violet Wood, the daughter of a one time well-known North-country M.P. Mr. Patrick de Bathe

is a most popular Attaché in the Diplomatic Service; he has inherited his father's love of the picturesque country which lies within easy reach of Goodwood, and he has charming country quarters at Hollandsfield, near Chichester. Mrs. Patrick de Bathe has a little son, now two years old, who bears the old-world name of Christopher.

One-Legged Swimmers.

It is really sportsmanlike of the One-Legged Society in France—the latest thing out in trade unions—to organise a swimming contest in the Seine. The chances of getting cramp in the



A POPULAR WEST-SUSSEX HOSTESS:
MRS. PATRICK DE BATHE.

Photograph by Lallie Charles

remaining limb should at least be reduced by fifty per cent. Yet the halt, the lame, and the blind are not to be despised in sporting events. Did not Byron, with his known infirmity, gloriously swim the Hellespont? Oddly enough his rival, the Chevalier Mengaldo, was also lame, being wounded in the wars. When the author of "Childe Harold" had remained four-and-a-half hours in the water, utterly wearing out his adversary, he pleasantly remarked to the defeated nobleman; "Ah, you did not know I was a duck." "Say rather a swan," replied the other gallantly.

No Name.

With Mr. Gates very much to the fore in English racing circles, a sporting writer might fashion an entertaining article out of the nomenclatural novelties for which we are indebted to American christenings. The trotting-tracks are the richest fields from which to glean. Horses which trot fast enough to run clean away from their freak names carry such strange appellations as "Homer Q. Ziggs," "Polly R.," "Virgil Morris," and combinations of classical names, of the names are often witty, punning variants of sires and dams. But it requires the turn of mind of the fifth Earl of Glasgow to evolve a really unconventional style, something that once heard is not forgotten. The Weatherbys have among their strange store of curiosities of this description the following three very considerable entries of his: "He has a name," "Give him a name," and "He isn't worth a name." How the bookmakers must have loved this last if, after gaining public support, he lived up to his name.



AN ARISTOCRAT WHO WRITES OF SUBURBIA AND SOCIETY:
LADY TROUBRIDGE, WITH HER CHILDREN.

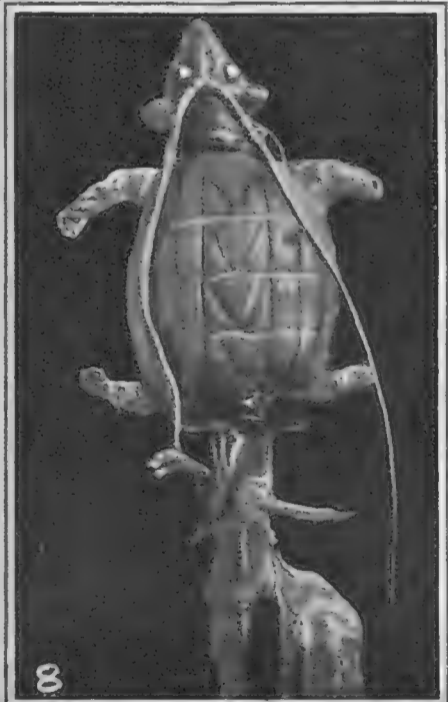
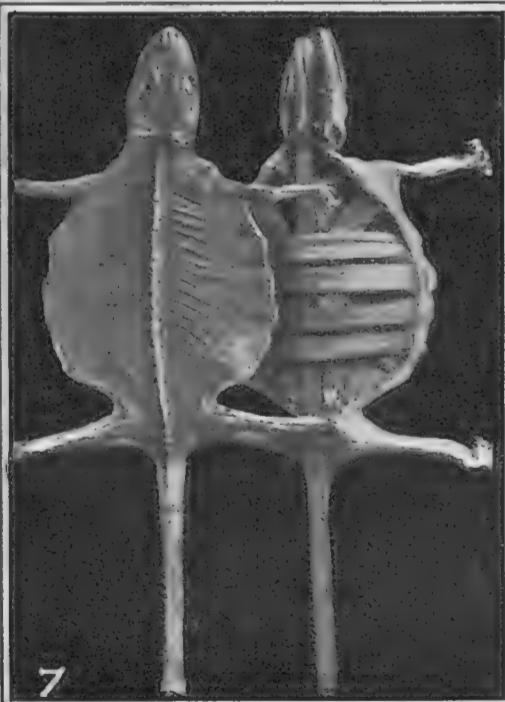
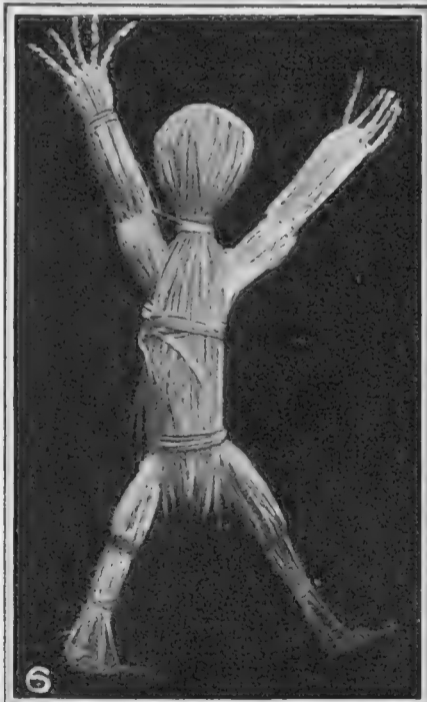
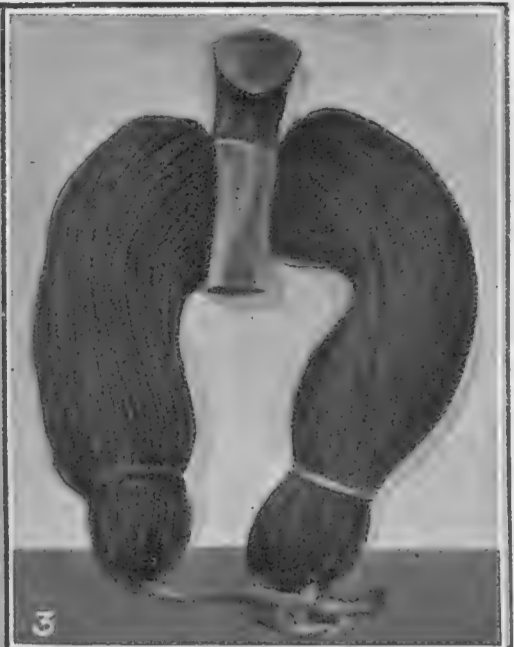
Lady Troubridge's new novel, "The Millionaire," is due for publication this week. It tells the story of a girl who finds herself leaving a dingy suburban home to take a place in Society.—[Photograph by Hughes]



FINISHING HIS MAJESTY'S NEW YACHT: THE "ALEXANDRA" AS SHE IS TO-DAY.

His Majesty's new yacht "Alexandra," which was launched on May 30, is rapidly nearing completion. She is a twin-screw turbine vessel, of 4500 indicated h.p., has a displacement of 3000 tons, and is built of steel. She is 300 feet in length over all, is 40 feet broad, and is expected to attain a speed of 17 knots.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]

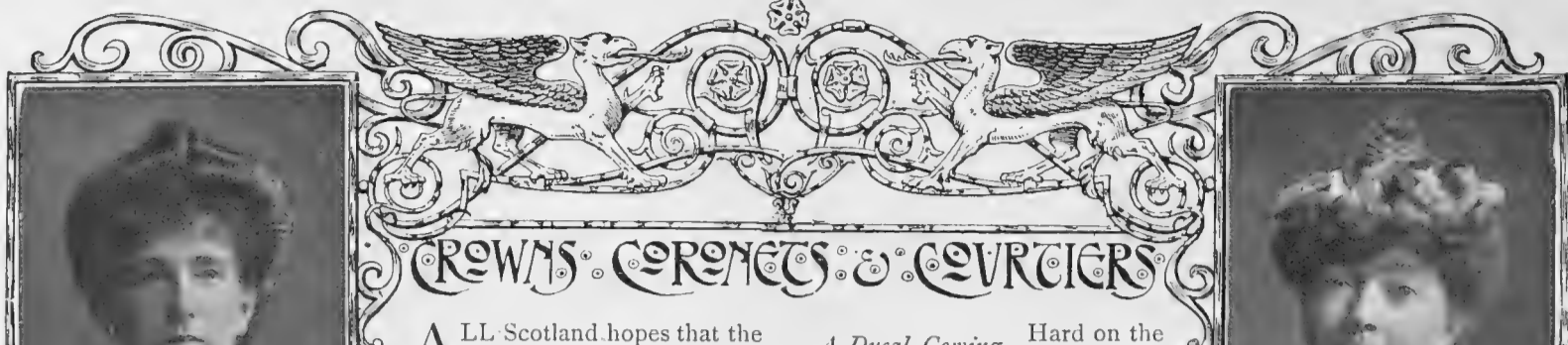
OUR WONDERFUL WORLD OF CURES.



1. AN IMAGE OF STUFFED BUCKSKIN, MADE BY KOREAN SORCERERS, AND INTENDED TO PROTECT ITS OWNER FROM ACCIDENT AND DEATH.
2. A JAVANESE IDOL, WITH THE BELL THAT IS USED TO ATTRACT ITS ATTENTION.
3. A HAWAIIAN FETISH OF A HUMAN THIGH-BONE AND BRAIDED HUMAN HAIR, SUPPOSED TO WARD OFF MISFORTUNE.
4. THE FAMOUS SCYTHIAN LAMB, A WOOLLY ROOT, KNOWN IN CHINA AS THE GOLDEN-HAIRED DOG; ESTEEMED AS A DRUG OF MARVELLOUS PROPERTIES BY THE PHARMACISTS OF EUROPE DURING THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES, AND REGARDED IN CHINA AS A MEANS OF RENEWING YOUTH.
5. AN IDOL SET UP AT CROSS-ROADS IN KOREA, THAT EVIL SPIRITS MAY BE FRIGHTENED AWAY.
6. THE STRAW IMAGE THROWN OUT OF THE KOREAN'S HOUSE ON THE LAST DAY OF EACH YEAR, AND BELIEVED TO CARRY AWAY WITH IT SINS AND BAD LUCK.
7. DRIED LIZARDS STRETCHED ON STRIPS OF BAMBOO, USED IN CHINA AS A MEDICINE.
8. A WOODEN RATTLE, COVERED WITH BUCKSKIN AND MADE IN THE FORM OF A TURTLE, WHICH IS USED BY INDIAN MEDICINE-MEN FOR THE EXORCISING OF DEVILS.

MEDICINE-MEN'S WEIRD PRESCRIPTIONS TO THEIR PATIENTS.

We illustrate above but a few of those images that have been designed to cure mankind of ills by frightening away the evil spirits supposed to have caused the disease or the disaster.—[By courtesy of the "Scientific American."]



THE KING'S HOSTESS AT TULCHAN.

MRS. ARTHUR SASSOON.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

a life as he does at Sandringham; true, he often rides his shooting pony, but he also walks a good deal, and since the advent of the horseless carriage he makes long excursions to all the more interesting places in the neighbourhood in which he happens to find himself. The great moors around Balmoral are intersected with fine roads, and when the Sovereign is entertaining a party of shooting friends on Deeside something very like a motor meet sometimes takes place in some wild, and apparently inaccessible spot within twenty or thirty miles of the Castle.

His Majesty's Hostess at Tulchan.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon have often had the honour of entertaining both the King and the Prince of Wales at Tulchan Lodge, Advie, where the shooting and the fishing are alike superb, and his Majesty, as we have noted, is expected there in October. The Sassoons belong to the most exclusive section of *la haute Juiverie*, like the Rothschilds and a few other families. They are great Indian and Eastern bankers and merchants, and the head of the house originally escaped from Mahommedan oppression to the protection of the British Raj at Bombay. Mrs. Arthur Sassoon and Mrs. Leopold Rothschild are the daughters of the late Signor Achille Perugia, of Trieste. They were most carefully brought up by their father, and their natural abilities were fostered by the best Continental masters. Mrs.

ALL Scotland hopes that the King will bring with him the good weather that was ever attendant on his mother. Tulchan, where his Majesty will spend the first week of October, is wonderfully beautiful in fine weather, and the Castle Grant Moors, which Lady Seafield always reserves when his Majesty is about to visit Mr. Arthur Sassoon, require the sun if they are to be seen at their best. When in Scotland the King leads almost as active

A Ducal Coming of Age.

Hard on the coming of age of young Lord Torrington will be that of the Marquess of Granby, whose majority will be celebrated in splendid fashion at Belvoir Castle. Lord Granby is at Cambridge, where he is very much liked by those Dons and undergraduates who delight in Art, with a big "A." for the future Duke of Rutland has inherited something of his mother's taste, and his rooms in the famous "Great Court" are said to be by far the most beautiful as regards arrangement and decoration in the University. Lord Granby, in addition to sharing his mother's love of art, also delights in his father's favourite sport of fishing: his happiest holidays as a boy were spent in a quaint, beautiful sporting lodge not far from Haddon Hall.

Lady Savile.

It has now become quite an annual custom for the King to honour Lord and Lady Savile with a visit at stately Rufford Abbey for the Doncaster meeting. Lady Savile is *petite* and radiantly fair. In her early youth she was much at Brighton, where her father, Captain Wedderburn indulged his curious fancy for being thought to resemble Louis Napoleon. Her first marriage, to her cousin, Mr. Helyar, took place shortly before his appointment as Secretary of Legation at Washington. There it is not too much to say that the then Mrs. Helyar, by her wit and charm, as well as by her singular beauty, became the acknowledged queen of the very cosmopolitan society in America's federal capital. Her marriage to Mr. John Savile-Lumley, some years after Mr. Helyar's death, was followed very soon by her husband's succeeding to his uncle's peerage by special remainder, with some £25,000 a year. Lady Savile, whose taste is unerring, has introduced nothing but improvements at Rufford, where the wealth of



THE SOUTH-EAST TERRACE.



THE CASTLE FROM THE WEST.

AN IMITATION WINDSOR CASTLE IN SOUTH BOHEMIA: THE CASTLE OF FRAUENBERG.

Now that Windsor Castle is undergoing extensive alteration and repairs, it is particularly interesting to recall the fact that the Castle of Frauenberg, in South Bohemia, was built with Windsor Castle as a model. It was erected in the years 1844 to 1847, has 140 magnificent apartments, and is surrounded by a park of great beauty. Prince Schwarzenberg, to whom the castle belongs, celebrated his golden wedding this year.

Sassoon was the first to marry, her sister's union with the popular racehorse owner, "Mr. Leo," following some years later, and being honoured by the presence of the King. Mr. and Mrs. Sassoon have a fine house in Albert Gate, and in Brighton they are near neighbours of the Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife.

artistic and antiquarian treasures finds in her a real connoisseur. Some five years ago Lord and Lady Savile bought Lord Ailsa's house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, which at one time belonged to Mr. Panmure Gordon. The Villa Edelweiss, their house at Cannes, is a veritable paradise of flowers.

IF MEN WERE THE SIZE OF INSECTS:
LIFE WITH POSITIONS REVERSED.



A LIVING SUBMARINE: A MICROSCOPIC ANIMAL THAT COULD SINK A FLEET,
IF POSITIONS WERE REVERSED.

The animal shown is in reality microscopic. If of the size shown, it could place a powerful fleet in jeopardy.

(A Continuation of the Series begun a fortnight ago.)



Those About to be
Bitten.

There is a consolation in literature for every ill, a balm for every hurt. Our worst misadventure finds its prototype and remedy in the pages of some friendly classic. The reflection is general, its application particular. A dog, supposed to be related to the March hare, tried for a bird at Hunstanton the other day, fell over a cliff, and, instead of breaking his stupid neck, dislocated an arm of a lady sitting where he chose to fall. A dog capable of such a trick must be mad. But how to determine its condition? Literature helps us to a decision. Lamb has confided a pet dog to his friend Patmore. So far it has neither jumped down a cliff nor flown up one, but its master is ready with advice as to what shall be done if aught untoward happen. Questions of the dog's sanity would naturally arise, supposing that he bit some of the Patmore children. "If he does," advised Lamb, "have them shot, and keep him for curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia." That is highly important advice, for not one person in a million in like extremity would have thought of such a solution.

Meat and
Poison.

Regardless of the fact that what is one man's meat is another man's poison, some of the daily papers keep hammering away at the question of a diet which shall answer equally well for us all. One man must dine off larks' tongues ere he can put the finishing touch to that profoundest chapter of philosophy; another makes light of a meal of stewed pokers, then turns off the daintiest love sonnet. Lord Stuart de Rosethay, when Ambassador to Russia, found his moujiks feasting on frozen fish of dubious age, on grubby toad-stools, eggs of unimpeachable antiquity, and oil against which a train would have struck. He put them on Christian diet, with the result that they began visibly to diminish in bulk and strength, and had to return to the dietary of their own invention. Some of the pundits of letters have been telling the world their experience at the table. Mr. E. F. Benson eats what he likes, and is so fit that he defies the specialists to tell upon what he has been browsing. Mr. George Bernard Shaw is a perfervid vegetarian, yet, on his own confession, finds his diet queerly inflammatory, so that, by some process unknown to the average physiologist, it gets into his head. He might find his opposite in an old lady who complained to her doctor, "It's of no use your



PROFESSOR OF THE ART OF CROSSING
A ROAD: Mlle. BERNARD—NOT IN A
CROSSING-THE-ROAD COSTUME.

The Parisian driver is notoriously careless, and is responsible for many bad accidents. It will be remembered that the other day Professor Curie was crushed by a wagon whilst attempting to dodge a cab. Realising the danger of the streets, Mlle. Lucie Bernard, the pretty and popular French actress, has founded a class for teaching people how to cross the road in safety. Most of her pupils are men, and it is Mlle. Bernard's principle to teach them the rules of the road.

ordering me this, that, or the other; I can't help it, but everything I eat seems to fly to the stummick!"

Breakfast-Table
Problems.

We may fairly assume that the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill will now become law, which means that one of the stock jokes of Parliament will disappear. If they include the permission in the Prayer Book, the Act will mean a rich harvest to the printers of that volume, for an entirely new edition will be needed. Probably, however, the change will not be noted there. The marriage-table deals only with the negative aspect of matrimony, and the moment that the ineligible bachelor turns to it he meets the discouraging announcement that "a man may not marry his grandmother," and so is denied his last hope of terrestrial purgatory. With the disability as to the children's maiden aunt removed, however, there may be this difficulty—that the disconsolate widower has no sister-in-law. What if there be a divorced wife's sister, or a deceased wife's half-sister; will she be included in the new permission? The law hitherto has been against her. In a case tried by Lord Blackburn it was held as to a certain marriage that a lady standing in the latter relationship to the bridegroom was not legally married. And Lord Bramwell's caustic comment was: "The most enormous paradox in the world is to say that the right way for a man and woman to live together without scandal is that they should not be able to marry."

A Little
Knowledge.

The American Consul at Liverpool, who is so surprised at the quantity of tobacco smoked in this country—they chew in his, do they not?—may be interested to hear a prophecy of which,

according, not to conventional history, but to a schoolboy in the agonies of examination, Raleigh delivered himself. Hear the schoolboy: "Sir Walter Raleigh introduced tobacco into England, and while he was smoking, exclaimed, 'Master Ridley, we have this day lighted such a fire in England as shall never be put out.'" It was a master howler, yet its author put into the mouth of the man of whom he knew so little a monumental truth. There should be a special crown for creators of such pearls as this—a golden treasury of immortal yet unconscious contribution to the gaiety of nations. Do not the laughter-makers deserve reward?



THE LIVER-SAUSAGE TREE: A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF THE BAOBAB.

The Liver-Sausage Tree, so called on account of the shape of its fruit, is found in German East Africa, and is a member of the Baobab, or Monkey-Bread family. When its fruit is ripe the tree sheds its foliage, and as a result presents the extraordinary appearance shown.

SUITE REPOSE.



SOMETHING ATTEMPTED, SOMEONE DONE, HAS EARNED A NIGHT'S REPOSE.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



EVERYWHERE tribute has been paid to the extraordinary verisimilitude of Mr. Sydney Valentine's impersonation of Isaac Sharpe in "Fiander's Widow." Isaac Sharpe was, in fact, drawn from life by Mrs. Blundell. He was quite a character, but, unhappily, he did not live to see his portrait taken out of the book and transferred to the play. Some time before his death his wife (for, unlike Sharpe, he was a married man) fell ill, and Mrs. Blundell used frequently to send to ask how she was. One day she went herself to inquire, and to express the hope that the good woman would shortly recover. "Well, Ma'am, it be a bit sarious this time," Sharpe said; "she died this mornin'." A peculiarity which he shared with other Dorset folk was that of speaking of his cows in the masculine gender. Pointing out one of them to Mrs. Blundell he said, "I did buy that there cow when he were a bullock wi' his first calf at heel. He were a fine cow when I bought him, but now he be sickly-proud." The "sickly-proud" cow found its way into the manuscript, but exigencies of time compelled the scene in which it occurred to be eliminated.

Old Isaac declared, "There's just as much sense in beasts as in Christians, if you know where to look for it." His lambs and pigs were always given the names of people who were prominent in the weekly paper which constituted his light literature, and "Kruge" and "Kronjy," as he called two lambs, loomed large among the village personalities for some time. So did a pig named Charl, which, for some occult reason, Isaac brought up on a teapot instead of on a bottle. With Charl his master used to converse, for, as he frequently averred, "'Charl,' I'd say to him. 'Hunk,' he'd say to me. 'Charl,' I'd say again. 'Hunk,' he'd say—just the same as a Christian."

On one occasion, Isaac was ill with a sore throat, and Mrs. Blundell went to inquire how he was. "I'm better to-day, Ma'am; but if you'd come to me last week with a cup o' tea in one hand and a poker in the other, I'd ha' had to take the poker"—a delightfully humorous way, it must be admitted, of suggesting that he was unable to swallow anything.

Strange as it may seem, considering the important part he plays both in the story and in the play, Isaac Sharpe was an after-thought. One evening in the gloaming Mrs. Blundell was walking down a country lane when she saw a solitary female figure approaching her. When the woman came near she noticed she was a young widow. At once the idea of making

her the heroine of a short story occurred to the author. Going on towards home, however, Mrs. Blundell met Isaac Sharpe. At once he took his place in the story, which soon assumed the proportions of a book instead of a short story. And that was how "Fiander's Widow" came to be written.

In order to get the local colour for the play and the manipulation of the various utensils exactly right, Mrs. Blundell visited a Dorsetshire dairy. The woman who was in charge gave her minute instructions about everything, and then remarked: "I didn't know that it 'ud be necessary to write a play to show how to make butter in London; for even within a few miles of London I know people who can make butter."

Few, if any, of the writers about the theatre have noticed the fact of happy augury that, in entering management entirely on their own account, Miss Lily Brayton and Mr. Oscar Asche have secured the theatre in which they got their first London engagement. True, their first appearance in London was made at the Lyceum, but it was merely a halting-place in Mr. Benson's tour, though it enabled both Miss Brayton and Mr. Asche to give an evidence of their worth to the playgoing public.

During Mr. Asche's engagement with Mr. Benson, he naturally had many more or less amusing experiences. In the last act of "Macbeth"—a special production of which he was making in Edinburgh—Mr. Benson devised a novel effect. When Macbeth's followers took the field against Macbeth, his army, represented by perhaps a dozen more or less brawny supers, advanced to the gates of the castle armed with a battering-ram made of a tree-trunk suspended by thick ropes. With this they beat down the gates and swarmed into the castle, "there to meet

with Macbeth." The performance was on Saturday night, and one of Macduff's army had been celebrating the victory in advance "with potations pottle-deep," as Shakespeare himself said in another place and on another occasion. The man's soberer comrades duly brought the battering-ram on to the stage and swung it against the massive gates, when, as if disdainful of their efforts, he advanced in front of the army, and striding to the gates, like a Highland Samson at Gaza, with one disdainful wave of the hand pushed them open, thus doing what the great battering-ram had been unable to accomplish, and incidentally ruining the carefully contrived effect of Mr. Benson, to the great amusement of Mr. Asche and the other actors who were on the stage—to leave the audience for the moment out of account.

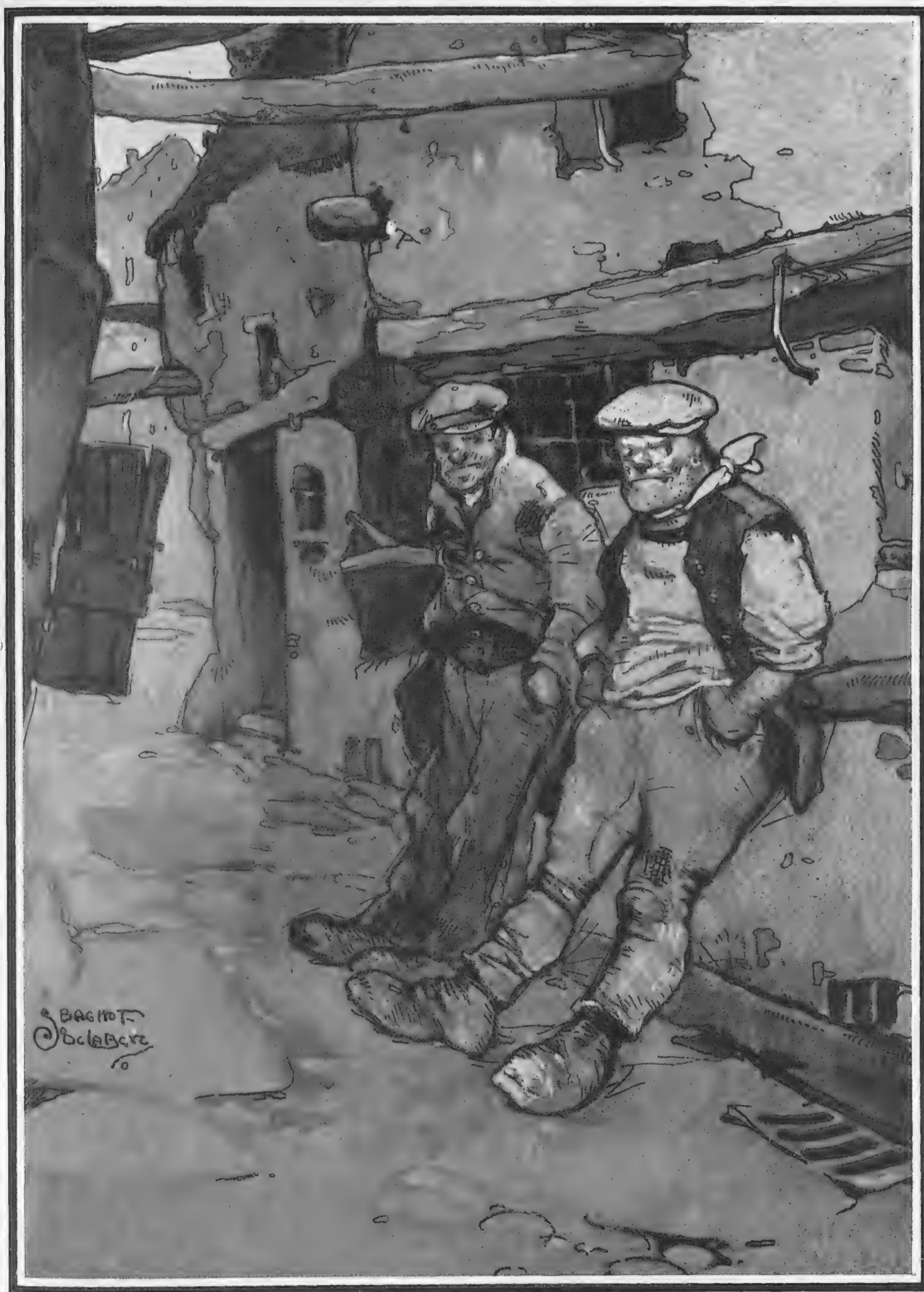


THE NEW ROSALIND AND ORLANDO: MISS FAY DAVIS AND MR. GERALD LAWRENCE IN "AS YOU LIKE IT," ON TOUR.

Mr. Lawrence and Miss Fay Davis (Mrs. Lawrence) were at Manchester recently. Their tour includes Leeds, Liverpool, and Birmingham.

Photograph by Percy Guttenberg.

FURTHER MANGLING FOLLOWED THE REPLY.



BLINKY BILL (of the flat face): After I arsked 'im where 'e got 'is ugly mug, 'e comes up ter me an' arks me if me muvver ever washed me face when I were a nipper. I sez "Yus," and then 'e arks me if me muvver ever 'ad a mangle. I sez "Yus" ter that too, and then 'e sez, "That exp'ains it," 'e sez, an' walks away. Nah, wot d'yer suppose 'e was 'a-drivin' at?

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERR.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

LADY WARWICK makes lamentation over Bath as a city of villas; and where there are villas there are also shops. And there is enough of the old-world about the shops of Bath and such-like places to give colour to the romances hinted at by Mr. George Meredith. For when the Duchess of Dewlap went to the Wells, the Duke specified "the confectioner and the apothecary who were to balance or cancel one another in the opposite nature of their supplies"; also the haberdasher and the jeweller. "For the Duke had a recollection of giddy shops and giddy shopmen, too." Indeed, he knew "a certain great nobleman" who had gone behind the counter for a day, to come to speech and victory with a jealously guarded Venus among the customers. Does Bath provide to-day such episodes for the lovely ladies who visit it in the interests of Socialism? But perhaps to be equally successful it would be necessary that the disguise should be more insinuatingly selected.

is the Demonstrator of Embryology in the University of Edinburgh, already made illustrious in the annals of healing by the names of Simpson and of Lister.

Mr. Joseph Minton, the signal boatswain of H.M.S. *Drake*, has written of the cruise of his ship from January 1905 till May 1907, and in publishing his account he has followed the lead given by the admirable "Log Book" series issued by those great pioneers in "Fleet" publishing, the Westminster Press. The "Log Books" have become the accustomed thing, and we regret that Signalman Minton's story of his cruise does not fall into rank upon our shelves. Being a "happy ship," the *Drake* was also a competent ship, successful in evolutions, gunnery, and all the exercises of the deep. Royalty helped to make her happy: she was the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg, and was visited by most of the



[DRAWN BY TONY SARG.]

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS—IV.: "SEE A PIN AND PICK IT UP, AND ALL THE DAY WILL BRING YOU LUCK!"

Instead of its being that of the shopman, it should be that of the porter or of the plumber casually on the premises.

Some newspapers, like some men, win a noisy fame; and others do effective work behind the scenes. The *Economist* is a paper that belongs to "the power behind the throne" order. It is always mentioned with respect. The appointment of Mr. Hirst to be its editor will negotiate the paper with the public. James Wilson, its able founder, Bagehot (his son-in-law), and Sir Robert Giffen were men apart, but Mr. Hirst, as an invaluable contributor to London journalism, as an editor who knows the ropes, as "ghost" to Sir Wemyss Reid and to John Morley, even more than as the author of the "Men of Letters" monograph on Adam Smith, or the winner of the Cobden Prize at Oxford, will get the *Economist* into circulation. It will pass from the tables of clubs into the hands of members—a transfer which some papers never seem able to effect.

Dr. Caleb Williams Saleeby, who, after a brilliant course at Edinburgh, came like a meteor into the world of scientific journalism, has devoted the last seventeen months almost unremittingly to the possible discovery, made by his friend Dr. Beard, of a cure for cancer by means of trypsin and amylopsin; and his article in the September *Contemporary* seems to give promise of great results. Strange to relate, though the remedy was discovered in Edinburgh, the experiments which now recommend it to the serious consideration of the Faculty have been made most effectually in America, in Germany, and in Italy. Dr. Beard

crowned heads of Europe; and we know that one of the arts of peace in the Navy is the nice conduct of a vessel while royal guests are aboard—or getting aboard. The gunners of the *Drake* can shoot straight, her Admiral can entertain, and her signal boatswain spin quite a good yarn.

The writer in the *Cornhill*, who naturally knows all about the British Museum Reading-room, being its head, has discovered that the thief is much fonder of overcoats than of volumes. The detective who came to catch the Raffles of the cloak-room, and took off his coat so that he might set to work, did not find Raffles; but he could not find his coat either. And the thief may do unexpectedly well even in literature when he takes a literary overcoat. Not long ago a diner in a restaurant, which is now also famous because it has been Caruso's daily lunching-place during the late season, hung upon a peg behind him a coat which was sufficiently shabby, he had prided himself in thinking, to have been safe even in Seven Dials. But it was gone in the time he had taken to discuss a fried sole and a glass of claret. And ever since that day, whenever he sees the early two-volume edition of Tennyson's poems, whether they be in a secondhand book-shop or on the shelves of a friend, he takes it down and examines with fond regret the title-page. For in the pocket of his missing coat was a presentation copy of that edition, with an inscription from the Poet Laureate to Charles Dickens. And the meal has always seemed an intolerably dear one, though the bill was only two-and-eightpence.

M. E.

STANCE AND ADDRESS!



MR. TIMTOT (teaching a friend golf): Before I go any further, let me impress upon you, old man, that heverythink is in the way you stand!

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



THE fields were covered with snow, and the sun was going down at the edge of them, when old George the Trapper came to tell me the news; for I knew that he came to tell me, though he made as if he were only passing by. I was standing at my cabin door, watching the shadow of the trees lengthen toward me, when he appeared round the bend, shuffling along with a forward stoop. When he reached the door he stopped and leaned on his gun, and asked after my sheep, and if the new bit of fencing was finished, and whether I thought the weather would break at the full moon. I answered shortly without asking him to come in; not that I was inhospitable, or did not like old George, but I was busy with my thoughts. There is something in a great stretch of snow that rouses the trouble in a man.

"It keeps things back," he grumbled, shaking his head at it.

"They had best wait their time," I said.

"Things can wait too long, John, and don't always wait for those that wait for them; as I've been waiting these last few hours." He drew his hand across his lips.

"Come far?" I asked.

"Farley's Farm." He looked at me hard, so that I knew he had something to tell me.

"Come in," I said. He came in, stamping the snow off his feet, and sat down. I put whisky and water and a glass on the table, and he drank.

"You can wait too long for things," he repeated, tapping the table with his fingers, "and others step in and take them. That's how Black Morrell made his fortune."

"Taking what belonged to others," I said bitterly.

"Ay; and that's how he's going to take his money's worth out of it." He filled his pipe slowly. "Got a match, John? Thanks. He'll have money's worth for what he's lent on Farley's, anyhow. He's going there to-morrow morning—about Leslie. I always liked that old picture of yours."

He looked hard at it—it was a picture out of a Christmas Number that I had nailed up—while I poured myself out a glass of whisky.

"How do you know?" I asked a bit hoarsely.

"Heard it from one of his men. And he said it was as good as fixed up between him and her father. It ain't my business; but I knew her when she was a little gal; a very little gal—and you were no higher than that." He held out his hand. "Howsomever, it's a good match for her, I suppose."

"I suppose so," I agreed. "If that's what she looks for."

"You can't go to blame her. A gal expects to get married some time; and I make out she's two-and-twenty."

"One-and-twenty," I corrected, "last May."

"Twenty-fourth of May. Ay, I remember. And yours is the fourth of August. You both looked for a birthday-present from old George. Still I don't go to blame her. A girl must marry someone, and perhaps no one else asked her."

"Perhaps not," I agreed.

"And a gal can't speak for herself; not if she wants to."

"And she mayn't want to," I added.

"No," he agreed, "no." He took another glassful and drained it slowly. "She mayn't and she may. You never know; not with a gal. Well, I'll be getting on before I've stopped long enough to grow stiff."

"There's a bed," I offered, but he shook his head.

"It's scarce three miles to the town," he said; "and if you've got to do a thing it's no use waiting. So long."

"So long," I answered.

He shuffled to the door, but stood still with his hand on the latch.

"There's a big stray dog run wild," he warned me. "I saw his track. You'd best take care of the sheep."

"The dogs will look after them," I told him. "They're all right."

"Old Pompey and Young Pompey are safe enough," he agreed. "I don't know about your new bitch."

"As fierce as a tiger," I declared. "They daren't scarce touch her. Strays had best not show their tracks about here."

He nodded several times, keeping his eye on me.

"Not or'nary tracks, these aren't," he declared. "A man that goes Farley way by night need take care; or any other way that crosses Black Morrell."

"What do you mean?" I demanded; but he shook his head.

"There's things safest not talked about. More things than people dream. 'Never say bear,' as any Injun will tell you. I think what I think, and let others do the talking. I don't say there's anything against Morrell more'n everybody knows; but there's black blood in him. His grandfather was a witch doctor, and

it's a thing that goes in families from father to son. That I know. And it's only cold steel will touch them; cold steel, with black magic on it as good as their own. If I was likely to run up against him, I'd take a knife as I got from an old Injun— But I don't go talking, and it's time to get on. So long!"

"So long!" I said, and he shuffled away across the snow, moving quickly for his age. The sun had set and the snow was all shadow—white shadow and reddened at the edge in the line to Farley's Farm, which was out of sight and five-and-twenty miles away. I stood with my eyes fixed there, thinking, till long after the red had faded from the sky-line; and then a black speck came up on the rise, standing out against the clear sky. It looked like a dog, and I took it for the stray that old George spoke of—some brute that had run amok among the sheep and fled for its life to the woods. It did not cause me any concern, for they never attack men, only sheep, and my dogs would guard my sheep if I were away for the night—supposing that I went to Farley's Farm, as old George had hinted; and I was more than half a mind to go.

I had gone there often enough till Black Morrell came after Leslie, six months before. It wasn't that which had kept me away, for I was ready enough to fight it out with him; but Leslie's father grew sullen and silent, and her mother hardly spoke to me, and Leslie was shy and awkward all of a sudden, and I kept catching her looking sideways at me. So I took it into my head that I wasn't wanted, being a pig-headed man and quick to take offence. It never occurred to me, till old George spoke, that it was my own fault for not asking Leslie outright, and that perhaps she thought I didn't mean to. For we had been friends since she was a little girl and I was a big boy, and she had a right to think I would ask her. It might be that she was being driven into this marriage, and that my staying away made it easier to drive her. Anyhow, I had courted her for three years, and she was entitled to have the refusal of me. An innocent young girl as she was could hardly wish to marry a man like Black Morrell; a man who had black blood in him, and lived like a beast, and looked like one, especially when he drew his mouth wide and showed his teeth—long, pointed teeth, with one at the top missing. Well, it shouldn't be my fault if she married him. I would go that night and be the first to ask her. If Black Morrell tried to stop me, so much the worse for him. I was the better shot and the better man; and old George was a fool with his talk about black magic.

I took the sheep an extra feed to last them well into the next day, and warned my dogs to keep good guard. We had been companions in loneliness so long that they half understood what I said. Then I had my supper, and put on my long boots, and a top-coat—for in the night it froze hard—and a revolver in my pocket. I was turning out the lamp, when I noticed a strange knife lying beside it on the table; a long Indian knife with curious carvings on the short wooden handle—snakes and wolves and a pot on a fire—and on the blade a carefully cut cross. It was evidently the knife that the trapper had spoken of; and he had left it for me.

I laughed at first at his black magic, and pushed it aside; but when I had turned out the light I thought differently of it. Old George had lived among the Indians for many years and knew their ways; and even in the little time that I had lived among them I had seen some funny things. After all, a knife was always useful, and this would do as well as another. It was long and sharp, and the handle fitted snugly into my hand. So I put it in my belt.

The night was dark, but the snow made a pale light in the darkness. It was like a thick soft carpet under my feet, for the frost had not come yet; and I heard no sound as I strode along, except my own breathing. I checked that to listen, though I knew of nothing to listen for. The Indians had given no trouble since I was a lad, and for two years I had seen nothing more dangerous than a wild cat; but I had lived in savage parts for two years before I started my farming, and there is a sixth sense which grows in a man who hunts and is hunted; a sense which tells him in some mysterious way that something is near. I had this feeling then. I told myself that it was only a fancy, that old George's foolishness had put it into my head; but I could not get rid of it; and when I tried to hum a song I found myself stopping to listen after every note or so.

It wasn't a fancy so much of anyone or anything to be seen, as of something to be heard, if only my ears were sharp enough; the sound of a wild beast trotting slowly. Pad, pad, pad! A hundred yards to my left; further than the sound would carry over the snow, or the sight. For I knew well enough that the light of the snow is only a deceptive white darkness, and you may miss an

[Continued overleaf.]

HOLIDAY BOUNDERS.—No. VI.



THE OGLERS.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

object a few yards away. Pad, pad, pad! To the left and a little ahead. If it was a fancy, it was a fancy that kept my fingers on my revolver. I passed anything that would give cover carefully and some distance away; and every now and then I stopped and listened and looked carefully round. When I stopped the sound—or the idea of the sound—stopped too. When I went on, it went on again. Pad, pad, pad! As a big wild dog might go.

It is four miles to the top of the rising ground before Deep Valley. It took me an hour and a half to get there, for in places the snow was over my ankles. I was able to walk where I pleased on the open ground till I got there; but then I had to choose one of the tracks down the steep hill. In a general way, I should have taken the short cut through the thicket; but the feeling that something was dogging me made me choose the longer path to the left, which is open for most of the way. Toward the middle, however, it passes between two rows of big boulders. When I was about fifty yards from the opening between them, I thought that something stood there—something that *moved*. As I came close, I was sure that that something moved stealthily away, behind the boulders.

I made a circuit round the place, over some broken ground, at a risk to my neck in the dark. When I regained the track I felt that something went on before me. Pad, pad, pad! It must be the stray dog that had run wild, and it must be very wild and very hungry to think of attacking a man. So I held my revolver ready.

I tramped on steadily for nearly a couple of hours, till I came to the bottom of the valley, and the little stream that runs through it. The track I was on crosses the stream by a plank, and when I was about fifty yards away I saw a shadowy something pass over this. It burrowed in the snow at the far end of the plank until it was half buried; but when I reached the near end I could see enough of it to distinguish it as a huge dog crouching ready to leap on me as I crossed. The stream was swollen with the melted snow, and almost touched the plank in the middle, where it sagged. I knew that it would sink further with my weight, so that I should have to feel for my footing under the water, and the weight of the brute would easily knock me over if it sprang. So I decided to shoot it before I crossed. It was barely twenty feet away, and I could hit a button at that distance. I took careful aim and fired, but I knew by the sound that the bullet went harmlessly into the snow, and the dog gave a low growl almost like a laugh. I fired again, with no more result. Then I knelt, and supported my wrist with my left hand. "If I miss this time," I told myself, "I'll believe in black magic!" I fired the third time—and missed. The brute growled again; and again the growl reminded me of a laugh—Black Morrell's snarling laugh.

I put the revolver back in my pocket, and took out the knife; but as soon as I placed my foot on the slippery plank the dog rose ready to rush at me. It seemed larger than an ordinary dog, and I could distinguish its teeth. I thought that I should be at a hopeless disadvantage on the slimy, swaying plank, so I turned along the stream to try the little footbridge near Clay's empty hut. The dog walked opposite to me on the other side of the stream, and when I reached one end of the bridge it waited at the other. I fired at it again twice, but it merely gave the laughing growl.

We stood facing one another at opposite ends of the bridge for some time, till I grew cold. (The frost was sharp by then.) I had begun to believe the trapper's warning against black magic, and did not like encountering the beast; but there was no other way to Farley's, unless I went many miles round. So at last I advanced slowly over the bridge, holding the rail with my left hand—for the narrow bridge was slippery with frozen snow—and the knife ready in my right. When I was nearly over, however, the dog slunk away—if it was a dog. As I came nearer I thought it looked more like a huge wolf, though the wolves were supposed to have been killed off when I was a small boy.

I took shelter in the hut for a little while, thinking that it would perhaps go. I could not see it when I started again, but I could hear it move over the crisp, frosted snow. Cr-r—Cr-r—Cr-r!

The shortest path up the other side of the valley was through a clump of trees. I would not venture there, but climbed the stony part of the hill. In places it was so steep that I had to use my hands and put the knife between my teeth. Once I let it fall. I felt the brute's hot breath as I was rising with it in my hand, and saw him slink away.

It was two in the morning when I reached the top of the hill, and sat down on a tree-trunk to rest. I was hot with climbing, but my beard and moustache were frozen hard, and the cold soon began to strike through me as I sat. So I trudged on again, feeling that the dog, or wolf, or whatever it was, went just in front of me. And sometimes I heard it plainly. Cr-r—Cr-r—Cr-r! At last I came to the big wood. There was no other way, unless I went many miles round. I doubted if my strength would last to reach the farm by the longer way; and if it did, I thought that Black Morrell would be before me.

No man has ever called me a coward, and I have never thought to be called one; but I had hard work to make myself go in there. The track was a narrow one, and though the bushes were stripped by the frost, and so gave less cover than usual, there were many trees and stumps; and a man or beast could hide behind them and spring out without warning, and without the aid of black magic. I was tempted to wait till the morning; but I remembered what old George had said about waiting. So I raised my left arm to guard my face, and held the knife up by my right shoulder ready to strike, and stepped into the black shadows.

I took one step at a time, with a pause between to listen, till my eyes were used to the darkness. Then I took three or four quick steps between each pause. Once or twice I heard a twig snap, or some snow fall off a bush, as if something moved at the side; but I had no distinct sign of my enemy till I came to an open space. Then the moon came out suddenly; and I saw the wolf—it *was* a wolf—waiting in the path just ahead; a great black wolf, such as I had never seen before, opening its mouth and showing its teeth. One of the top front teeth was missing—like Black Morrell's.

I took slow aim with my left hand and fired at it, without result. Then I rushed forward, knife in hand. It fled into the dark path, and I followed it. It went into the bushes on the left. So I faced that way, and slashed out blindly with my knife, till I was able to see again in the dark. I did not "feel" that the brute was so near then. So I walked on again, and more quickly, till I saw the hollow tree. Something seemed to warn me that my enemy was there. I advanced putting one foot just before the other, and crouching ready to strike at the hollow, if it sprang out of it, as I expected. I passed the tree walking sideways, with my knife toward the opening; got safely by it; and then something leapt upon me from the bushes on the other side and knocked me on the ground. It jumped on me as I lay there, and tried to get at my throat. I put up my left arm to ward it off, but it bit through my two coats—I bear the marks still—and dragged my arm away. Then it came for my throat again. I could not strike hard with the knife as I lay, but I held it firmly in front of my face. It went in between the wolf's fangs and through its palate by the force of its own weight as it pressed on. The brute's head touched my face; its blood spurted out over me—I gave a groan; and the wolf gave a low, choking growl, and rolled over on its side. Its legs moved two or three times—they struck against me. Then it was still.

I lay for some time beside it, till the numbness left my limbs. Then I rose, shivering and catching my breath, and stepped carefully by it, facing it all the time. Then I turned and ran as fast as I could; and that was not very fast, for I was dizzy and my legs were shaking. It seemed days before I was out of the wood, and the place reeled round me. I took off my coats and bandaged my arm; and when I put up my hand, I found that my hair was matted with blood and my forehead cut. I must have struck them as I fell, though I had not noticed it at the time.

It was the first thing that Leslie noticed when I staggered in at their door. It was an hour after dawn, and they were sitting at breakfast and she was pouring out the coffee. She dropped the pot on the floor and screamed, for, she told me afterwards, she took me for a dying man.

"John!" she cried, "John!" and ran to me.

"Leslie!" I said. "My girl!"

I tried to catch her in my arms; but the warmth of the room made me faint for a moment, and I swayed; and she caught me instead and pulled my head down on her shoulder, carefully in her woman's way, not to touch my wounds.

"John's come for me," she told her mother and father; "and I'm going with him. It's no use saying anything."

"I'm not saying anything," said her father gruffly; "but there's Black Morrell to reckon with."

"He can reckon with me," I said; and Leslie laughed, for she always thought I could beat anyone.

But he never came to the reckoning. One of his men called after breakfast to say that he had died in the night in his bed.

"Stuck a knife in his throat and killed himself," he said. "And small loss to anyone."

I said nothing; but when I went home that afternoon I borrowed a horse, and rode round the wood, instead of going through it. I wasn't afraid of finding the wolf so much as not finding it; for there *is* black magic, and I make no doubt of it; and I remembered the missing fang—like Black Morrell's.

Old George was sitting at my door smoking his pipe and waiting for me. I gave him the knife without a word. He looked at it, and nodded slowly. Then he began to clean it on a stone.

"Thought I'd call in to see how the sheep were going on," he said. "And I tidied the place a bit in case you brought her home."

"Fetching her home next week," I told him.

"Ah!" he said. "Ah! She's a good gal as gals go; a good gal. Knew her when she was so high—and you. Funny little shavers you were—ah!"

He rubbed the knife till it was bright. Then he showed it to me; and the cross on the blade was gone.

"The chap that gave it to me," he said, "was an Injun; but he had his feelings; and I'd done him a good turn. You never know when you can believe them; but he *said* there was magic on it; black magic, as black as it's made. His grandfather was a witch doctor; and the greatest of them, if you could take his word. He had a disagreement with Morrell's grandfather over their magic; and he put a spell on him, and made him kill himself with his own knife—he *said*. Well, there's things best not talked about; especially when a man is going to marry a woman that can never hold her tongue; not the best of them, and I don't say that she ain't. If I'd had a gal of my own—or a son—I knew you when you were no bigger than that, John—and her!"

He moved the knife slowly, as if its magic would cut a little boy and a little girl out of the air; and I knew that if there is black magic in the world there is something to fight it; and know it better now that Leslie and I have children of our own.

THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

MRS. CHAUNCEY has of late won a very prominent place among "those delightful Americans" who have taught English hostesses the art of entertaining, and seem equally at home in every section of our rather complicated social world. Mrs. Chauncey, like more than one well-known Transatlantic hostess, has now a strong link with this country, for she is the sister of Lady Newborough. Unlike some of her countrywomen, who leap into notoriety, rather than fame, by some new and striking way of entertaining their English friends, Mrs. Chauncey is quite content to go on the old lines; but she has that essentially American gift of doing everything just a little more perfectly than the people about her, and her parties are distinguished for admirable taste and for the clever selection of guests.

Sporting Parsons' Sons.

The departure of the English cricketers for Australia under the captaincy of Mr. A. O. Jones serves as a reminder that the sporting parson is not dead. He lives again in his son—and plays first-class cricket.

The English captain is a son of a country rector, and worthily reproduces that fire and virility which distinguished the old type of muscular Christian. The Crawfords are sons of a London rector; the Spooners learned their cricket within earshot of the study wherein their father prepared his pulpit orations. And there are others among the best of the country's players. The cloth itself is represented in the Essex team, as it has been these many years in the Somerset county eleven, where the Rev. A. P. Wickham has earned as much fame behind the stumps as the Rev. F. H. Gillingham earns, bat in hand, in front of them.



A CHARMING AMERICAN HOSTESS:

MRS. CHAUNCEY.

Photograph by Thompson.

years in the Somerset county eleven, where the Rev. A. P. Wickham has earned as much fame behind the stumps as the Rev. F. H. Gillingham earns, bat in hand, in front of them.

Sport and Pay.

The Amateur Football Association has launched its barque, and may friendly gales blow kindly in its wake. It should stir up the men who play not for gain, but sport, and it should also help to increase the vigilance with which players whose amateurism is not above suspicion are watched. The present writer, when organising a tour for amateurs, once received a note of acceptance from a particularly good player whose status was commonly supposed to be beyond reproach. But while willing to form one of the party, he put it plainly that he could not now go to the

governor for pocket-money, that if he absented himself from business he must lose the money, and be recouped by the team which took him from home! Such an experience was not unique. There was one man, a fellow of breed and blood, who in the days of scratch teams would calmly say, "Look here, I'm broke. Let's get up a football tour." And they did, and he was not broke when they returned.

Ready, Ay,
Ready.

Without in the remotest degree disparaging his crew, one could not but feel the other day, in reading of the destruction of Mr. R. P. Houston's yacht by a colliding collier, that, had the member for West Toxteth been on board, the calamity would not have happened. He is one of the readiest, most alert, and adaptable men breathing. What he could do he showed us during the Boer War, when, at a moment's notice, as it were, he undertook reinforcement of our transport service. "As many ships as you want in as short a time as you care to suggest," was the effect of his answer. He had six-and-twenty shorthand clerks at the Liverpool end of as many wires, and from his office in London he reeled off instructions to each in turn. Telephones were for the first time in history fixed up on the ships in dock, and as the word came from him, so it was passed forward to

the waiting craft. Ship after ship went out of port without fuss or worry or delay, and no man in this part of the business reaped more kudos or performed better service.

"La Chasse." "Chasseur!" you hear the Parisian call in a lordly voice as he reclines on the terrace of the café. And the "chasseur" appears, booted, if not spurred, for "la chasse"—of telegrams and billets-doux, or, it may be, for a hat and stick or for the panting "auto" round the corner. In height, our brave Parisian huntsman is three-feet-six, and upon his infantile bosom sits a bright tunic embellished by silver buttons. He is proud of his title of "chasseur," which sounds so much more noble than "messenger" or "buttons." Every man in Paris, more especially at this moment, likes to think himself a "chasseur," even though he is not paid for it. With his gun upon his shoulder, he has been over the stubble looking for quail and partridge and sporting et-ceteras unknown to the unimaginative Briton. Sometimes his "bag" is as varied as the chauffeur's who admitted to two pigs, three chickens, and a lame dog.



MRS. GOODHOUSE, ALIAS SHE-WHO-HAS-A-BEAUTIFUL-HOUSE; AN INDIAN WHO HAS BEEN RE-CHRISTENED BY THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.

The United States Government has been re-naming the Blackfoot and Sioux Indians, and has shown considerable ingenuity in changing the names. She-who-has-a-beautiful-house has become, for instance, Mrs. Goodhouse, while Bob-tailed Coyote has become Robert T. Wolf.



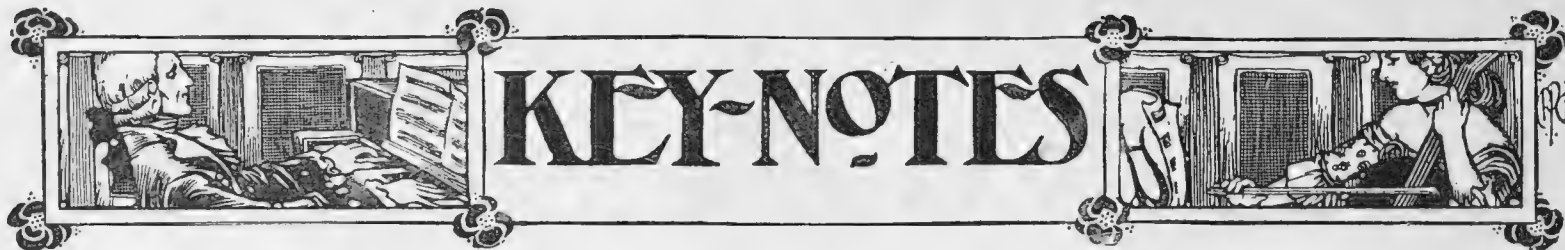
THE M.P. WHOSE YACHT HAS BEEN WRECKED: MR. R. T. HOUSTON.

Photograph by Ellis and Waler.



REMOVAL BY ROAD IN AFRICA: NATIVES CHANGING THEIR DWELLING-PLACE IN A GERMAN COLONY.

Photograph by Gebender-Haeckel.



THE sudden death of Edvard Grieg came as a surprise to the general public and as a shock to his many friends in the Old World and the New. If his health had been failing in the past few months, nothing was known of it in England, and he was under contract to conduct two

performances at the forthcoming Leeds Festival. His recent appearance at the Queen's Hall will not be forgotten readily by any who were present, for the aged composer was received with a measure of enthusiasm that must have sounded extravagant to those who, while they joined in the welcome, kept their judgment under control. At the same time, it may be remembered that the Queen's Hall was filled in large part by schoolgirls, to whom the charm of Grieg is perennial. His delicate fancy, his fine finish, his quaint modulations, his ceaseless use of fourths and fifths, yield results that appeal with considerable potency to those

nothing much to say, but he had a new form of speech in which to express himself, and what he said tickled the ear and stimulated fancy. He passed from one triumph to another; his music sold by the ton; some of the world's capitals delighted to do him honour; and withal he remained unspoilt, for his was a kindly and simple disposition, and it gave him no little pleasure to find that others liked the beautiful Norwegian melodies that he had decked out with so much lively fancy. His music was a reflection of Norway; it was also a reflection of himself.

It is unlikely that Grieg's popularity will endure. He himself was a charming man unspoilt by success; he made a host of friends, and he stood in some mild fashion for the music of Scandinavia, but when the personal impression has faded it seems likely that Grieg will retire further into the background than Mendelssohn, whom he may be said to have supplanted in Norway, where, before Grieg's advent, Mendelssohn and Gade were the idols of the public. Edvard Grieg never kept pace with musical progress; it neither concerned nor interested him. He knew his own métier, and his audience was larger than that of any living man. His appeal, as we have said, was to those who are setting out on their musical pilgrimage; to those who have breasted a few steep ascents or have reached the level or the downward road he had nothing to say.

The composer's life was a very full one. He met the most brilliant leaders of musical thought, he travelled widely, and was always received with the greatest respect, for although his output was small, everything he wrote had all the quality that tireless polish could bring to it. Moreover, he found promising and popular raw material. What he did for Norway Tchaikowsky did for Russia and Dvorák for Bohemia; but neither has commanded the same measure of success in the English-speaking world, because the genius of Bohemia and Russia is not akin to ours. We have little or nothing in common with the thoughts of the people as expressed in folk-song. Grieg's success was due very largely to his direct and immediate appeal to English-speaking people, and the quick, almost universal, response may well make us estimate his work with more affection than judgment.



A NEW COMPOSER: MR. MAX REGER.

Mr. Reger provided the sensation of the earlier Promenade Concerts at the Queen's Hall. Various of his compositions, including a symphony, were well received.

who are working for the first time at music. Grieg's gift was largely lyrical, largely romantic; he wrote nothing on a grand scale; operas and symphonies lay outside the scope of his gifts. "Peer Gynt" was perhaps his most ambitious effort and one of his happiest; none of his compositions is more likely to endure. If he had followed it up, Grieg might have done greater work, but he was quite satisfied to sacrifice strength to sweetness. His natural gifts, his feeling for what was new in the note he uttered, saved the sweetness from becoming offensive. Grieg's music taken in moderation does not cloy; it has, for us at least, too much individuality to become commonplace, but we cannot find in it many of the qualities that make for permanence.

Grieg derived some of his musical feeling from Scotland, for his ancestors came from the Highlands. Born well over sixty years ago, he was sent when early in his teens to Leipsic, where he came right into the centre of the musical movement. Hauptmann and Moscheles were among his teachers, on his return to Christiania Björnson and Ibsen were among his friends. From them he took as much mental stimulus as his nature could absorb. Ole Bull the violinist, and Nordraak the composer developed his ambition to express Norway's native melody to a world that knew nothing of it, and he was encouraged by Schumann, who told him that the North deserved to have its own music. Grieg was well equipped with the technical requirements of his art; the years at Leipsic had not been wasted, and he secured popularity with less trouble than falls to the lot of most men, particularly to the strong men of music who enlarge its language. The Störthing gave him a pension that relieved life of its most pressing anxieties, and Grieg settled down to compose, after some years as a teacher. Perhaps he had



THE SCANDINAVIAN CHOPIN: THE LATE EDVARD GRIEG, COMPOSER OF "PEER GYNT"—A STATUETTE BY OSCAR LARUM.

Edvard Grieg, the famous Norwegian composer, best known, perhaps, by his "Peer Gynt," died suddenly last week. He was born at Bergen in 1843. His great-grandfather was an Aberdonian, who settled in Bergen about the middle of the eighteenth century. His mother was Gesine Judith Hagerup, and she it was who first taught him music.

COMMON CHORD.



"THE CONTINENTAL," A MUCH-APPRECIATED GUIDE-BOOK—NIZAM AND JAM: THEIR SEVERAL CARS—A PERFECT TAXIMETER—PETROL-STORAGE AND THE PRIVATE USER.

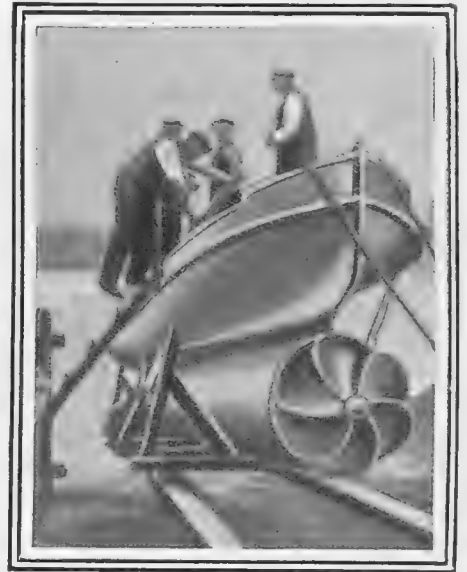
EVER since its publication, in season and out of season, I have carried "The Continental Handbook for Automobilists for 1906" on my car, and have again and again profited by reference to its columns. So useful have I found it, that I am not surprised to learn that the entire edition of this most popular guide has been exhausted. Recognising its value to the whole motoring community, I note with pleasure that, with their customary enterprise, the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company have a fresh edition in preparation for the coming year, wherein pains will be taken to widen the already large field of useful and necessary information for which this much-studied work is remarkable. This will prove very welcome news to the large number of motorists who have already profited by this work, and realise that, even in its present form, it is perhaps the best thing of its kind yet placed in the hands of automobilists.



ROYAL RECOGNITION OF MOTORING: THE BADGE GRANTED TO THE ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB BY THE KING.
Photograph by Argent Archer.

Indian potentates are taking to automobilism as ducks take to water. The swift and luxurious mode of progression afforded by the modern high-class motor-car is just the thing that might be expected to appeal to Eastern tastes. Consequently, no surprise will be felt that, profiting by his experience of the handsome Daimler limousine which was a feature of the last Olympia Show, the Nizam of Hyderabad has placed an order for another 28-h.p. Daimler, this order being passed to the Coventry firm by the Bombay Motor Company. Prince Ranjitsinhji's State car takes the form of a most tastefully decorated and magnificently finished 6-cylinder Lanchester, finished in green with vertical black stripes, with red and gold central stripes, and the great cricketer's State and private arms emblazoned on the panels. This car is provided with a canopy and two screens, red silk curtains, and blinds. It is also fitted with the Lanchester Motor Company's new mechanic's seat on the near side and immediately behind the dashboard, so that the servant, while out of everyone's way, is yet handy enough to attend to the ignition and lubrication. Rudge-Whitworth detachable wire-wheels are provided. The Jam of Nawanagar's vehicular tastes have undergone some slight change since he affected hansom cabs.

Readers of these columns must be interested in taximeters, if only for the reason that they will from time to time make use of the new taximeter-fitted motor-cabs, and will be required to pay by the mark. Now allegations galore have been made against the accuracy of the instruments fitted to the motor-cabs of Paris, so there is sure to be great distrust of any foreign instruments installed on the London vehicles. But motor-cab hirers may rest content when they find fixed upon the cab they are about to engage one of Messrs. S. Smith and Sons' "Perfect" Taximeters, which are, for the work they are destined to perform, as satisfactory and as accurate as the above firm's well-known Perfect Speed Indicators, which are found upon the majority of motor-cars running in this country to-day. The amounts payable for fares and extras are shown in shillings and twopences, and the instrument will record what is payable, whether the vehicle be hired by time or distance. This ingeniously and perfectly constructed device, which cannot be tampered with by the driver or any mischievous meddler, will prove satisfactory to owners, drivers, and passengers alike.



AN EXTRAORDINARY NEW PROPELLER FOR MOTOR-BOATS: THE TYPHONOID VIEWED FROM THE FRONT.
By courtesy of the "Scientific American."

Motorists are frequently very hazy as to the question of petrol-storage when they require to store spirit for their private use; but

when petrol is kept in the regulation cans, properly screwed up with leather washers, it is practically safe anywhere, so long as the cans do not leak. That this must be so is borne out by the fact that petrol may be kept almost anywhere so long as it is in the car tank, and certainly the regulation petrol-tins are as safe as, if not safer than, any tank. Their security was proved when, after the great fire which destroyed the premises of Messrs. Du Cros and Mercedes in Long Acre, the thirty two-gallon cans of Pratt's spirit were found intact in the petrol-store, although this fire had raged immediately above them for so many hours. So the average user may reckon that while his spirit is contained in the cans sent out by the companies it is safe enough, although a paternal Government requires him to take still further precautions. So long as the place of storage is twenty clear feet from any other building or from any other store, sixty gallons of spirit, contained in the aforesaid two-gallon cans, may be kept without reference to anyone.



THE "WATERSPOUT" PROPELLER FOR RACING MOTOR-BOATS: A VESSEL FITTED WITH THE TYPHONOID.

The new propeller, which is placed at the bow instead of at the stern of the vessel, is the invention of M. André Gambin. "The name typhonoid," says the "Scientific American," "is derived from a Greek word which means a whirlwind, and the apparatus is designed to act by suction, in the manner of a water-spout. . . . The typhonoid propeller consists of a number of blades—six in this instance—symmetrically distributed around an axis and terminating in a cylindrical tube." It is believed that the new boat, aided by this propeller, will develop a speed of well over sixty-two miles an hour, with an expenditure of energy of 100-h.p.

By courtesy of the "Scientific American."

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE ST. LEGER—INGENIOUS FRAUDS—PROFITS.

WILL Woolwinder win the St. Leger? I think the colt has an undeniable chance, but it should be noted that the second in the Derby has only been successful at Doncaster on seven occasions. History proves that a horse that is beaten in the Derby seldom develops into a stayer; but this is acknowledged to be a lean year. Further, there are many of the opinion that Woolwinder ought to have beaten Orby at Epsom. It should not be forgotten that outsiders do sometimes win the St. Leger. In 1901, Doricles started at 40 to 1, while in 1894 Throstle won at 50 to 1, and Dutch Oven, who won in 1882, started at 40 to 1. Caller On, who was successful in 1861, was quoted at 66 to 1, and so far back as 1822 Theodore won at the Jeddah price, 100 to 1. No fewer than sixteen winners of the Derby have been unplaced in the St. Leger, including Pretender, Bend Or, Blink Bonny, Sainfoin, Ayrshire, and St. Amant. There were twenty-four starters for the St. Leger in 1811 and 1812, while in 1830 twenty-eight went to the post. Only five started when Galtee More won in 1897, and Rock Sand had four opponents only to beat in 1903. The Old St. Leger course is about 1 mile 6 furlongs and 132 yards.

I am told that several starting-price bookmakers have been hit very much of late by a system of fraud that would take a lot of beating for ingenuity. Since the new Betting Act, several layers have agreed to take bets through the post, and they generally settle the day after the race. It seems that one or two of the smart hustlers have devised a scheme by which they can bet after the race. Their *modus operandi* is as follows: They put an envelope addressed to a bookmaker inside another envelope addressed to an accomplice. Then a portion is cut out of the outside envelope, which compels the Post Office people to stamp the one inside with the official time. Of course the rest is easy. The accomplice simply tears off the outside wrapper and puts the letter with the stamp on in the bookmaker's box. It is a very ingenious swindle, and one that it would be difficult to put a stop to unless the G.P.O. officials followed the receivers of the letters. I remember some years ago receiving a visit from a well-known detective-inspector who wanted the loan of a specimen of invisible-ink paper to show to a Judge at the Old Bailey, and, luckily, I was able to accommodate him out of my collection. Remarkable to relate, the same inspector a few weeks later had charge of one of the most sensational murder charges that has ever been heard in London, and he did not forget to return my kindness by a few exclusive details that were of much service to the paper on which I was employed. But the invisible-ink trick was easy to detect when

compared with the envelope fraud referred to above. Of course, the Post Office people could not be expected to stamp the envelopes where they are fastened down. This, if done, would defeat the ends of the sharps. Or the bookmakers doing "S.P." business might supply special envelopes to their clients, and mark them privately. Perhaps the only safe way would be to do away with office letter-boxes and have every letter delivered by hand. This would meet the case to a certain extent.



A CLERGYMAN WHO CLIMBED SNOWDON

THREE TIMES IN ONE DAY:

THE REV. T. SHIRLEY HERRICK

Mr. Herrick ascended or descended the mountain by all the six recognised routes. He was provisioned for the climb with a few shelled walnuts, muscatels, and chocolate. He started at 10.20 a.m.; reached the summit just before 12; got down again to the Snowdon Ranger Hotel shortly after one; went to the Snowdon Station Path; left there at 1.40; arrived at the top at 3.15; descended again; came to the Sir Edward Watkin Path; and reached the summit for the third time in another two hours. He eventually arrived at his original starting-point at 11.45 p.m.

Photograph by Norman Taylor.



A REMARKABLE LEAP: COUNTESS D'ORB JUMPING OVER A FIACRE.

The Countess's feat was made all the more remarkable by the fact that she only learnt to ride six months ago.

I have referred many times to the profits made by the chief race-courses. We all know that Ascot is a little gold-mine, but the prizes given at the royal meeting beat the record. I believe Goodwood has up till very recently proved to be one of the best-paying properties owned by the Duke of Richmond, but the accounts are not made public, therefore it is impossible to say what the profits of the meeting amount to. Manchester has paid as much as 45 per cent., and Kempton disburses 33 per cent. per annum. The Sandown shareholders get a standing 7 per cent., but it should be noted that the capital of the company amounts to four times that of Kempton. As the Hurst Park course comes under the new rule, the syndicate is not allowed by the Jockey Club to disburse more than 10 per cent. per annum to the shareholders, and I have an idea that the company had to give up the August Bank Holiday to Sandown because the Jockey Club thought the Hurst Park shareholders would easily get their 10 per cent. without this fixture. I see by the profit-and-loss account from Aug. 1, 1906, to July 31, 1907, that the net receipts on race meetings at Hurst Park under Jockey Club and National Hunt rules amounted to £12,977, while the members' subscriptions totalled up to £3367 18s. 6d. On the other side of the ledger occur the following sums—Rent, rates and taxes, £1884 11s. 7d.; and

salaries, £2033 5s. 2d. Then in connection with the actual racing expenses the following sums are noted—Wages, £1091 os. 11d.; repairs, stands, etc., £924 3s. 6d., while forage for the race-horses is put down at £235 19s. 10d. The profit on the catering account amounts to £650, and it gives me great pleasure in adding that the refreshment department is well cared for at this meeting. The occupiers of the half-crown ring are able to get good beer and good minerals at cheap prices; this example should be followed at all the other race meetings throughout the country. Seemingly Hurst Park has a very easy task in paying 10 per cent. only to its shareholders, as the meetings held at Molesey draw well, and in the course of time the Club membership is likely to become a very large one.—CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Taste in Beauties.

It is an ungracious task to dispute about Beauties, for every nation has a peculiar type of loveliness, and to belaud one's own country-women at the expense of all others is to cut but an insular figure. Yet mid-Continental and East European ideals of feminine charms differ widely from ours. Adipose tissue, sometimes alarmingly developed, is admired by most Continental peoples, and they openly deride the long, slender, thin English-woman, whom they sometimes ungallantly describe as a "plank." At a recent beauty show on the Continent, two ladies carried off two of the chief prizes whom we islanders would consider plain and stout; one, indeed, if one may put one's trust in photographs, was unusually ugly. Thus it is a pleasing thought that no descendant of Eve need be plain all the world over, for if she cannot find admirers in France or Finland, she may be vastly appreciated elsewhere; while if (as is the case) the Japanese think a strapping, aquiline-nosed girl a monstrosity, she has only to come to London to be acclaimed as a young Diana. The Englishman's preference for lean and long young women is, indeed, one of his most striking characteristics.

The Caravanners. Miss Maxine Elliott, who is appearing in Mr. Esmond's play of woodland life, may have an audience largely composed of "smart" caravanners. For the slow-moving van, and life with a gipsy-kettle, have been in high favour this summer, perhaps as a protest against the whirling, ubiquitous motor-car. The caravan has a pleasing, snail-like rate of progress, which naturally appeals to a sophisticated generation satiated with speed, dust, noise, and accidents; indeed, I some time ago predicted that we should, about the end of the first decade of this unquiet century, hark back to the bath-chair (drawn by an Ancient Man) as our favourite mode of taking the air. Now, the bath-chair and the horse-drawn caravan have about the same soothing lack of speed, so small wonder the hut on wheels appeals to the jaded and fatigued Londoner as a means of taking a peaceful holiday. It is better for modern nerves to go all day at a steady two miles an hour than at forty-five miles an hour, and in your caravan

you can at least see the scenery and make friends with the inhabitants; while in a tame and civilised region, like our Southern counties, the discomforts are almost nil.

Elizabeth and Her Wheeled Hut. The author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" is essaying this kind of travel, and I for one look forward to a highly diverting book about it. The Countess von Arnim is accompanied by her little daughters, respectively known to fame as the "April Baby," the "May Baby," and the "June Baby," while a second caravan is

devoted to the masculine members of the party, who are expected to perform the humble but meritorious offices of hewing wood and drawing water. Up to date, I understand, the voyage has been a complete success, though Elizabeth has to suffer much from the importunities of the rich and the great, who cannot hear of her camping on their domains without overwhelming her with invitations to dinner. Nevertheless, in this case literary distinction has its advantages, for never, so far, have these merry voyagers been refused a night's resting-place. Professional gipsies, it is notorious, must sometimes go far afield before they are allowed to "squat," even temporarily.

Why Books are Read.

Authors and critics at present furiously do rage in the morning papers as to what are the best novels—ancient or modern, those of the eighteenth century, of the eighteen-eighties, or of to-day's publishing lists. It is a bewildering question, for novels come nowadays not in single spies, but in battalions, and people are so consumedly clever that they have little difficulty in writing a book, and none at all in finding a publisher. The real difficulty, indeed, is rather to find a sufficiency of readers to make the adventure profitable. The inveterate reader, to be sure, is becoming more and more rare, for he has been much harassed of late years with problems, morbid imaginings, and authors' fads. Probably few writers envisage the fact that they are usually perused for reasons of the readers' own, and not for their intrinsic merits: as a narcotic for the sleepless, as a distraction for the worried, as an antidote for railway journeys, or as an excuse for avoiding conversation in the domestic circle. This is tolerably humiliating for the man who "commences author," but the popular novelist, with his thirty per cent. royalties, cares not a jot why, or by whom, books are read.

Dangerous Laws and "In-Laws."

To want to marry your sister-in-law betrays a lamentable lack of imagination, and shows a man to be merely the foolish slave of habit; but now that such espousals are to be legalised, what about the husband's brother? Shall an Englishman be allowed to act like a Turkish Pasha, and marry all his sisters-in-law in turn—for if you may marry one, you may presumably marry three or four of them, if death provides an opportunity for a renewal of the experiment—and a woman be debarred from wedding the delightful

younger brother of her tiresome and gouty husband! Surely the thing must work both ways. Indeed, there seem endless possibilities in the matter of "in-laws" now that the wife's sister is a possible bride for a widower. Men have been known who appreciated their mothers-in-law to a dangerous extent. These ladies are no more blood-relations to the son-in-law than are their sisters-by-marriage; and no doubt we shall hear of some extraordinary alliances as soon as the law comes in force. For such is poor human nature, that a thing has only got to be stigmatised by public opinion for it to become dangerously attractive.



[Copyright.]

AN EVENING GOWN FOR THE AUTUMN, IN PALE-GRAY MOUSSELINE-DE-SOIE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

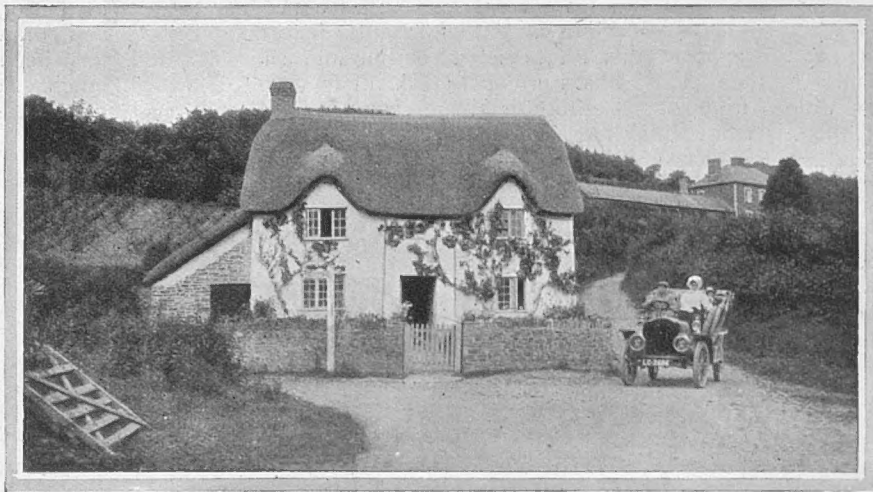
THE autumn season will, it would seem, be a gay one. We have to look forward to the visits of an Emperor and Empress, two Kings and two Queens. Only that of the German Emperor and his handsome wife will be official. The King and Queen of Spain will pay country-house visits, probably including one to the King and Queen at Sandringham. Their Majesties of Norway are going to their own English home, Appleton, near Sandringham, and they will stay for at least a fortnight. It is believed that the King and Queen of Spain and the King and Queen of Norway will dine with our own King and Queen on his Majesty's birthday, which will be kept, as usual, at Sandringham. Although all these royal visits include no State visit to the Metropolis, save that of their German Majesties, for an afternoon to the City, it may be taken for granted that Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain and Queen Maud of Norway will have some shopping to do and some plays to see.

Autumn hats promise a little more sanity of aspect than did those of summer, with their cut ospreys and cross ospreys and fanciful flyaway looking feathers perched on them in profusion. Once again the closely curled ostrich-feather will lead as the ornament to up-to-date millinery. Shapes seem to be well varied, but all are broad-brimmed, and the poise is towards the front. The following of the lead given by smart Parisiennes of poising down in a direct gradient over the eyes will be adopted gradually, if at all. Meanwhile the sou'-wester pull-down at the back is rapidly going out. We never had it here in so extreme a form as in Paris, but, even in moderation, it hid too much of what is so pretty about a coiffure that its decline cannot be greatly deplored. I hear of charming chapeaux in white felt trimmed with huge clusters of autumn flowers, in foliage, done in velvet and in rich deep colours, that sound very fascinating, and are sure to be becoming.

Velvet tea-gowns are being ordered very freely just now. They are of the soft, clinging make of velvet, and some I have seen are bright and deep in colour. One is sapphire blue—the rich bright shade given out by the finest stones in the best light. It is cut all in one, with full and ample folds flowing back from a clearly defined waist. In front it falls almost straight from the shoulders to the hem. Under is seen a quantity of pastel-blue chiffon, inset with broad bands of silk lace of exactly the same shade. There is a girdle of silver, enamelled in Sweden, in deep and pale blue, and the velvet sleeves to above the elbow have long cuffs of chiffon and lace. It is an unusual-looking and very stately and graceful garment, and is, I am told, destined for the bridge parties at which hours of autumn evenings between tea and dinner are whiled away.

A most successful bazaar was that opened last week by the Duchess of Connaught in a huge marquee in the grounds of

refused to believe that the Duke of Connaught was not present, and decided that the Duke of Portland was he because of his likeness to the King. The Duchess of Sutherland looked charming in a dress of white Irish lace. The skirt had at intervals all the way down bias frills of fine white linen embroidered, and there was a little Empire coat of white linen embroidered. A waistband, quite a narrow one, was of rose-pink soft satin, ends of which were knotted down into the lace. A wide-brimmed black chip hat was worn, the brim lined with



A STUDY IN CONTRAST: A WHITE STEAM CAR OUTSIDE A TYPICAL DEVONSHIRE COTTAGE.

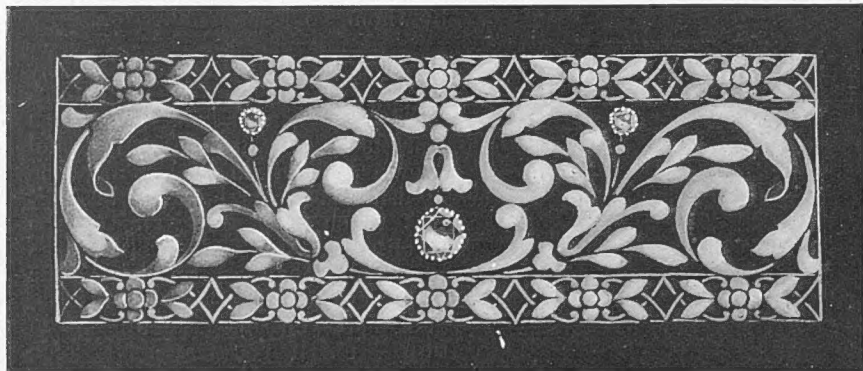
More and more every year motor tourists, both English and foreign, turn the bonnets of their cars towards the English Riviera. Our illustration shows a typical Devonshire cottage, by the side of which may be seen one of the speedy and popular 30-h.p. White Steam Cars. The hilly nature of the country in north Devon is particularly suited to cars whose hill-climbing capabilities are unquestioned.

rose-pink chip, and the hat trimmed with a very large cluster of pink roses.

The Duchess of Connaught was attired in smoke-grey voile and wore a semi-fitting long coat of silk guipure lace with strappings of silk. A hat of straw the same shade of grey, trimmed with purple and mauve roses, was worn. Princess Patricia was not present; someone said she was playing golf at Dornoch. The Duchess of Portland wore a brown crêpe-de-Chine Princess dress, the top part made of brown lace alternately with bands of brown velvet. A large brown straw hat, with a long ostrich-feather matching it in colour, made up the study in brown—a pleasanter thing than a brown study!

On "Woman's Ways" page will be found a drawing of an evening dress suitable for the autumn season. It is of palest grey mousseline-de-soie, and has large designs of black lace appliqued on the skirt and on the bodice. The square opening is finished with folds of chiffon velvet, and there is a waistband also of this material. It is such a dress as may be worn with complete confidence at any late-autumn evening function.

A charming idea in jewellery, and one carried out in the most perfect taste by the Parisian Diamond Company, whose designs have won for them a world-wide reputation, is the jewelled plaque worn in front of a velvet neck-band, and simply fastened with gold chains at the back. It is as effective as a dog-collar, rather more up to date, and it gives, as the drawing on this page shows, ample opportunity for working out an artistic and a complete scheme. The plaque is now much in demand, and those made by the Parisian Diamond Company will assuredly cause it to be still more eagerly ordered.



A DIAMOND SLIDE FOR A VELVET NECKBAND, MADE BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

Dunrobin Castle. There were many stalls representing districts and counties, and on them were beautiful things. The Duke of Sutherland and the Duke of Portland spoke, telling the audience that the Duchess wanted to provide a loan fund to help to keep the lads of the Sutherland Technical School when, at sixteen, they left it, having had their three years' training. The anxiety of the country people to see the royal visitor would hardly be credited by those who frequently have the opportunity. They

We find that certain of the information contained in our paragraph under the heading "Gertrude, Lady Dunmore," was incorrect. Neither Lord Dunmore nor Lady Dunmore is a Christian Scientist.

Those of our readers who have, during the past season, followed the advertisements of the Swift Cycle Company, Limited, Coventry, and are desirous of securing the motor-car offered as a prize in their advertising competition, are requested to send in the results of their researches by, on, or before Sept. 30, addressed Gift Department, Swift Cycle Company, Limited, Coventry.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 11.

THE OUTLOOK.

STAGNATION pure and simple is the only way of expressing the Stock Exchange position. The Bank Return may be strong, Railway traffics may be of the most encouraging nature, the House may make quite a little effort to galvanise markets into life, but it won't do—the public refuses to be beguiled into speculation, and but for small investment business, which low prices somewhat stimulate, there is nothing doing. The Committee have acted wisely in closing the House to-day for "structural alterations." They meant it in a literal sense, but as a figure of speech it even more truly expresses what is wanted.

The promoter and the stockbroker go about the City bemoaning their unhappy lot, but they have nobody but themselves to blame for the present state of affairs. No sooner do the public show the least inclination to return to Stock Exchange dealing than some rotten business, like the motor-bus boom, is planted upon them with the assistance of the broking fraternity, while good, honest established industries like that carried on by the Nitrate or the Electric Light Companies are crabbed by the circulation of every "bear" yarn which can be invented. All this sort of thing comes home to roost in the long run, and the present unsatisfactory state of financial matters is due, more than to anything else, to the short-sighted policy of the promoters and their Stock Exchange assistants, who have never realised the short-sighted policy of killing the goose which lays the golden eggs.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"If there were even an opportunity for a mining boom," remarked The Engineer, "now's the time. Surely?"

The interrogation at the end of the sentence was almost pathetic.

All the other occupants of The Carriage preserved a grim silence.

"It's right to buy Kaffirs, surely?" persisted The Engineer.

"It ought to be right," The Broker replied acidly.

"And it isn't," The Jobber laid down. "Although I'm only a jobber in the American market, I see well enough there'll be no Kaffir boom for some time to come."

"Why not?" inquired The Merchant.

"Usual reason," was The City Editor's airy response.

"Pray do not tantalise us like this," pleaded The Banker. "I also have customers interested in the Mining Markets."

"In two words, the reason why Kaffirs won't go better is that there's No Public."

"And," The Jobber added, "there's not likely to be any public so long as the industry is clogged with politics."

"You will never separate the two," The City Editor declared.

"But do you mean to tell me that Kaffirs will never more be a good market?" The Engineer was really most insistent.

"My dear fellow," and The Broker adopted his loftiest tone, "we don't know, so what's the good of guessing?"

"It's most disappointing and frightfully unsatisfactory—that's all I have to say!" and The Merchant said it emphatically.

"One day I do believe the market will resurrect," said The Broker, unbending. "It may be three months, it may be three years."

"Now you're talking round your hat," The Jobber informed him.

The Broker removed it and showed that the back of the topper was unbroken, unperforated.

"You don't advise us to buy Kaffirs?" The Banker laughed.

"I don't," The Broker responded. "Can't see any hope just yet for the market, except an occasional spurt of an eighth or so."

"After which prices will all go back again," The Jobber confirmed.

"Oh, hang the things!" cried The Engineer. "Let's talk about something more pleasant."

"By all means," said The Jobber affably. "You started the discussion, you know."

"Now perhaps we are free to ask what may be the outlook for money in the autumn?" suggested The Broker.

The Banker said he feared that we should not be able to get further than mid October, at latest, without a rise in the Bank Rate.

"Dearer money would upset markets," declared The City Editor.

"Not necessarily," The Jobber retorted.

"No, but if business doesn't buck up, we shall have things sagging off again," The Broker wisely said. "That is what we have to fear, I think."

"Things must be cheap," sighed The Merchant. "The worst of it is that when prices are flat, we've none of us got any money to buy with."

"I'm buying a few Home Railways for speculative investors," The Broker told them.

"Hulls, I suppose?"

"Hulls at about 49, Great Central Ninety-Fours at 45, Chatham Seconds some ten points lower, and Yorks about 36."

"A very fair mixture," The City Editor patronised him.

"So glad you think so," The Broker replied. "They are all long shots, quite. And you can't expect to get in right at the bottom."

"Bet you they put up Mexican Rails before the dividend next month."

"I'm betting the same way. Seconds will get their full 6 per cent., and there may be a bit over for the Ordinary."

"Which the Ordinary won't get."

"Naturally. Mexican Ordinary and Little Trunks will be a long time before either is ex-div."

"Little Trunks are a rank gamble," said The Jobber confidentially.

"No worse than Little Chathams," The City Editor declared.

"Yet I believe it's right to buy all this rubbish," The Engineer contributed.

"Better to buy sound securities," was The Banker's counsel.

"You are almost sure to see a rise in capital value then."

"Not on the experience of the last ten years," objected The Merchant.

"They have been abnormal years," The Banker defended himself. "And in due time we shall drift back to the normal. So I declare for sound three to four per cent. securities," and he looked round quite cheerily.

"You can get 3½ per cent. on the First Debenture stocks of the best Argentine Railways—Rosario, Pacific, Great Western, and Great Southern. Security unimpeachable."

"You can get nearly 8 per cent. on Cement Preference, which is quite a good speculative investment; and nearly 6 per cent. by mixing Bovril Preference and Bovril Ordinary."

"Lyons and Breads pay about 5½ per cent. on the money, and will in time yield more," said The Broker.

"Wherefore," said The Jobber, rising, "why in the world should we trouble to buy such rubbish as Consols?"

THE AMERICAN SEE-SAW.

Declaim as you may at the American market for being an unwholesome fever-spot in the Stock Exchange, preventing other departments from settling down into a full measure of peace and orderliness, the fact remains that it is *the* place for speculation. Nothing else in the Stock Exchange compares with it, now that Kaffirs are dead and Home Rails buried long years ago. And while Americans move up and down as rapidly as they do at present, they will command a wider public than those unfortunates who fail to see the risks they run of losing their money when dealing with a bucket-shop. We must confess to some degree of scepticism about the staying-power of Americans. How difficult it is to get money on the other side comes out clearly in the sale by New York City of its own 4½ per cent. bonds at par—equal though this price is to about 103 on our side. The Railroads naturally have to pay still more heavily for their financial wherewithal, and Mr. Cortelyou's August aid to the money market was avowedly for a short period only. Dividends are contradictory, but good and bad alike come under suspicion of being manipulated for the purposes of the market bosses. We should not be at all surprised if Americans were to break badly again between now and the end of the year.

Saturday, Sept. 7, 1907.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

GELD.—It is a somewhat better-class bucket-shop, which puffs those things which pay it best to puff, but pays when it loses, as far as we know. The Engine shares are a promising speculation. The dividend was paid on July 15 last. We think well of the Oils.

P. A. W.—Your letter was fully answered on the 4th instant.

SEA SURGEON.—As to the Japanese and South American stock, you may hold with every assurance that your income will be safe. Probably the Russian position will improve rather than grow worse. As to the Broken Hill Company, all depends on the market price of zinc and lead during the next few months. We cannot prophesy as to this.

LINCOLN.—Further investment in any of your concerns is in the nature of a gamble. The only one in which we should care to average is George Newnes, Limited.

J. F. M.—We suggest (1) Cuba Gold bonds. (2) City of Mexico 5 per Cent. bonds. (3) Anglo-Argentine Tram shares. These will average you nearly 5 per cent., and should improve in value in the case of Nos. 1 and 3. Your suggestions are certainly sound, but we prefer our own.

SEPT.—We will make inquiries and let you know.

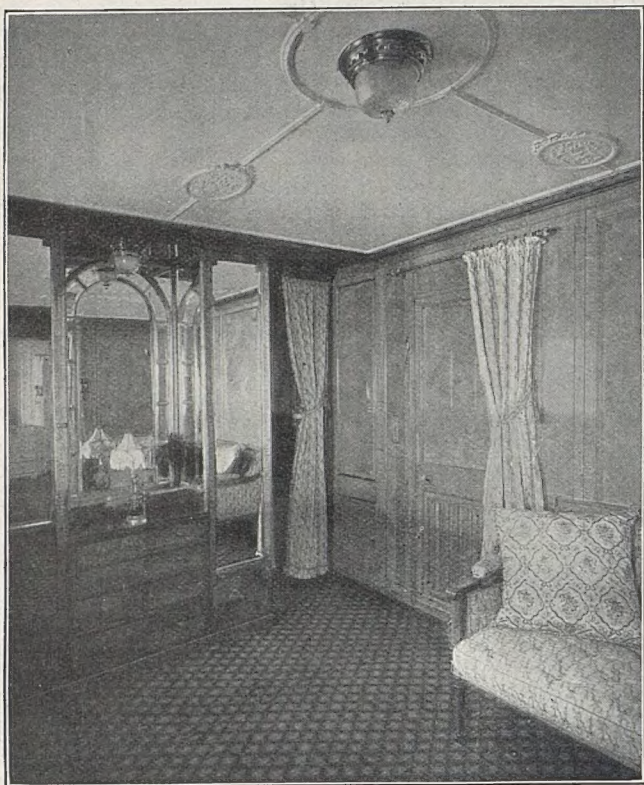
G. D.—We have done the best we can for you.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

I think Woolwinder will win the St. Leger, and Altitude should get placed. The White Knight ought to capture the Doncaster Cup. For the other events to be decided at Doncaster, my fancies are: Cleveland Handicap, Bruges; Rufford Abbey Handicap, Cuffs; Wharnccliffe Handicap, Slim Lad; Portland Handicap, Camp Fire II.; Alexandra Handicap, Rayon; Prince of Wales's Nursery, Quiniana; Westmorland Welter, Wife of Bath; Park Hill Stakes, Glass Doll; Doncaster Stakes, Venilia. At Alexandra Park, the following should go close: Finsbury Handicap, Standen; Autumn Nursery, Lierre; Maiden Two-Year-Old Plate, Capsicum; Muswell Plate, Pelargonium II. At Warwick, I like Sea Kid for the Handicap and Deal for the Charlecote Plate. I think Aubergine will win the Wellesbourne Nursery. Kuroki the Leamington Handicap, and Ardeer the Members' Plate.

A FLOATING PALACE.

THE Cunard Company's latest steamship, the *Lusitania* (built by John Brown and Co., Ltd.), which sailed on her first voyage on Saturday last, has other qualities of first-rate interest besides those of size and speed. She is the first ocean liner belonging to a British Company to take up seriously the



SITTING-ROOM CABIN IN QUARTERED HAREWOOD, WITH ROSE AND CREAM DRAPERIES, BY WARINGS.

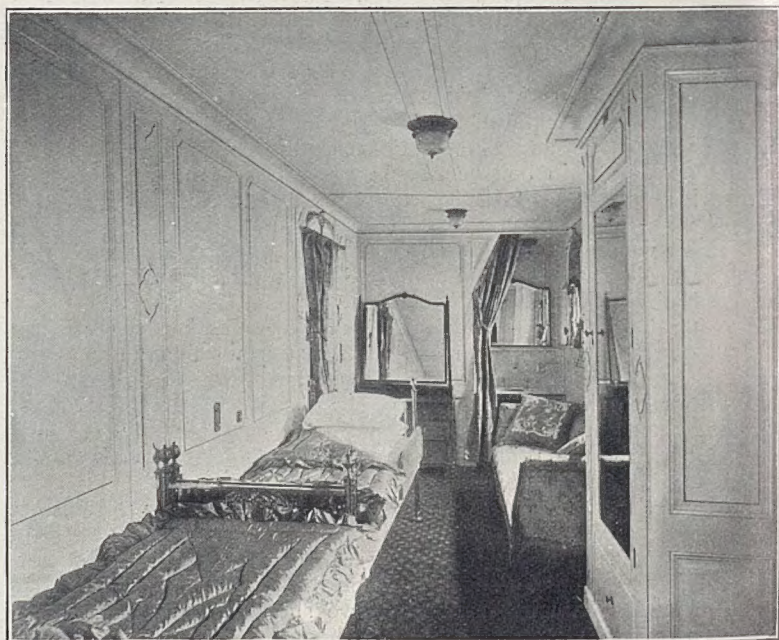
subject of interior decoration. The example set by the Cunard Company is sure to be copied by all shipping firms which cater for the well-to-do class of passengers. The *Lusitania* is remarkable in a special degree for the exquisite furnishing of her state-rooms. Much of this work was judiciously entrusted to Messrs. Waring and Gillow, acting under the supervision of Messrs. Miller and Whyte, the interior architects. Warings are well known as the creators of that refinement and simplicity which are the highest form of art, and which never palls. It is perhaps needless to say that their special note of refinement is evident in every apartment. In order to ensure simplicity of treatment those decorative styles have been chosen which lend themselves to that desirable quality in combination with comfort. William and Mary, Sheraton, Adam, Queen Anne, Louis Quinze, Louis Seize and Empire all fall more or less within this classification. Some of them are, of course, characterised by greater reticence than others; but in the hands of Warings those, such as Louis Quinze, which are generally associated with copious ornament, are kept well within the limit of a discreet reserve. The woods employed in the panelling and furniture have been carefully selected with a view to artistic effect as well as durability. White panelling is naturally used in many cases as the background of the treatment, and it is employed in conjunction with white, mahogany, walnut and satinwood furniture, according to the purpose of the room and the *motif* of the scheme. In more elaborate rooms coloured woods of two different kinds are used to produce a fine effect; and in every treatment the colour of the woodwork is supplemented and assisted by the colour of the carpets and upholsteries. Three features, therefore, stand out vividly in connection with these state-rooms: the style is correct and satisfying, there is a prevailing atmosphere of taste, and the note of art has been effectively allied to the note of comfort. Every modern appliance that can help to make the passengers' residence on board ship more agreeable has been fixed in the rooms; space has been economised by means of clever fitment furniture, and there is a home-like note which must tend to make travelling much more pleasant than it has ever been before. Warings have in this vessel shown how the same taste which they displayed in the Carlton and Ritz hotels is equally available for the great ocean hotels which competition has brought so prominently to the front. It is therefore only in the natural order of things that the leading British Company should avail itself of their experience, taste, and resources. The result is a triumph of ship-furnishing—the high-water mark of what can be done in one of those floating palaces which are rapidly replacing the inconvenient and gaudily decorated steamships of the past.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"*The Privateers.*" By H. B. Marriott Watson. (Methuen.)—
 "*Name of Garland.*" By W. Pett Ridge. (Methuen.)

"THE PRIVATEERS" is a curious blend of two centuries, the seventeenth and the twentieth, with the seventeenth predominating. In method it is modern, its characters are modern; the warrings and the wooings, the doings of those characters, are of the days of cape and sword. None would dare to say—so plausible is the narrative—that the happenings chronicled are impossible nowadays; most would argue that they are improbable. What does it matter? The story is an excellent one; interest in it never flags. It is, indeed, an admirable example of the work of a practised hand allied to a vivid imagination. It must be taken for what it sets out to be—romance—and romance is not a thing to put under the microscope and to dissect. Suffice it that from the first chapter to the last the story holds the attention. Little mystery becomes great mystery; great mystery becomes greater. Incident treads on the heel of incident; effect touches effect. What more can the lover of adventure desire than a business vendetta—of course, between Americans—that leads to the abduction of the beautiful damsel, "instinct, apparently, with youth and freshness," who comes to be worshipped, rescued, and wedded by the man of her choice, after having been the sport—or should one say the prey?—of first one millionaire, then another, and after having been hidden away in an old castle in Brittany, and saved by her true love, like any mediæval maiden in distress? See her in the Château Cabriac, imprisoned, with the gallant Lieutenant Kerslake a captive in a room below; watch her lover rescue her, after warning her by means of a message conveyed to her in an omelette; follow the two as they dash through the osier-swamp and gain the open sea; imagine the daring capture of the *Mermaid* with a handful of men; note the turning of the tables; the rising and its quelling, and the fight in the dark; then know that adventure follows adventure as the day the night, until in the end the hero can say, "I said nothing, for I had all I wanted—I had Sylvia." And if you do not like the story, romance—rich, full-blooded romance—has no appeal for you; Napoleonic villains cannot hold you in thrall, virtuous heroine and gallant—and virtuous—hero cannot gain your sympathy.

Mr. Pett Ridge's novel, it need scarcely be said, is of an entirely different type. In it, too, there is romance; but it is the romance of life, not of the playhouse. None knows a certain grade of Suburbia better than Mr. Pett Ridge, few know how to use it so well. Winnie Garland is an admirably drawn character, true to the smallest detail in manner, thought, word and deed—a casual, cheery, kind-hearted, resourceful Cockney girl, with all the born Londoner's ready humour and desire to make the best of things,



LOUIS XV. BED-ROOM, TREATED IN WHITE ENAMEL AND ROSE, BY WARINGS.

persecuted and hunted by her disreputable family, yet with pride of family, and a determination to aid it. So true to type is she that she may not remain in the memory as long as would one stronger, more theatrical personality; but that she deserves to be remembered is certain. Equally good, each in their several ways, are those with whom she comes into contact—her drink-sodden, lying father, who is beyond redemption, yet always ready to be redeemed; her "young man" and his "pal," her burglar brothers, the shop-assistants at R. O.'s, her various friends and acquaintances. The story, indeed, depends on its characterisation, and that is all-sufficient. There is no plot, or no plot worth the reckoning, and it is unneeded.